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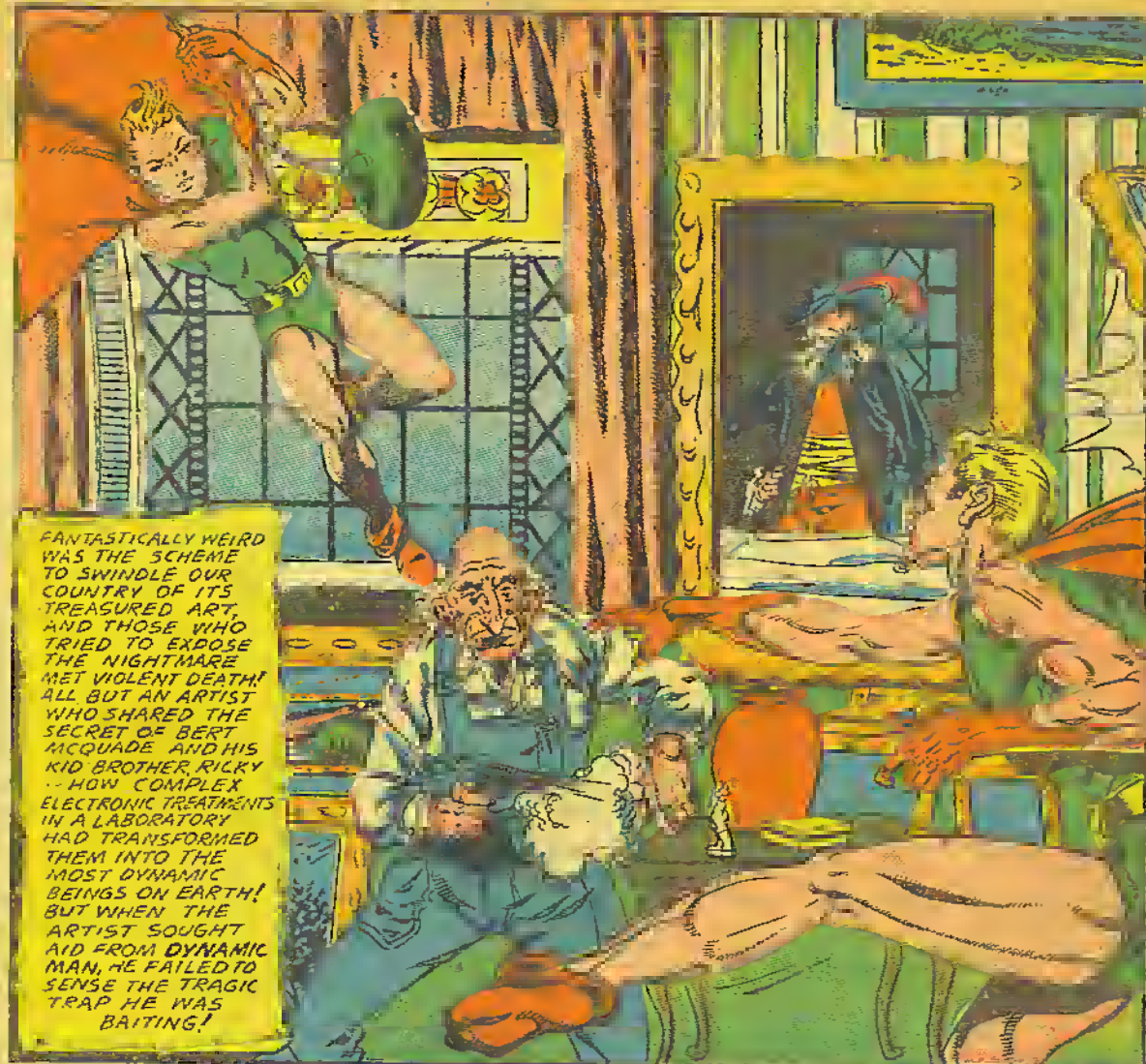
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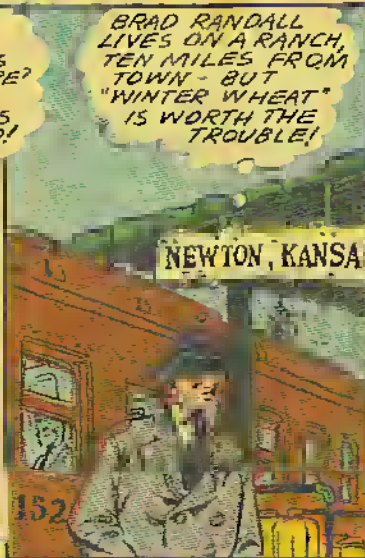
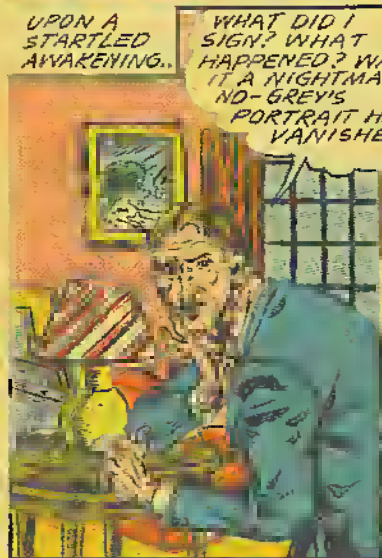
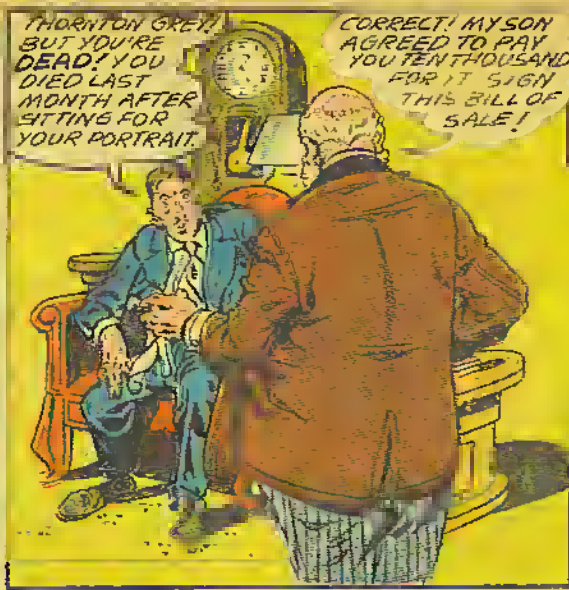


A FAMED PORTRAIT PAINTER TRIES TO RELAX IN HIS LOWER FALLS STUDIO..



# DYNAMIC MAN







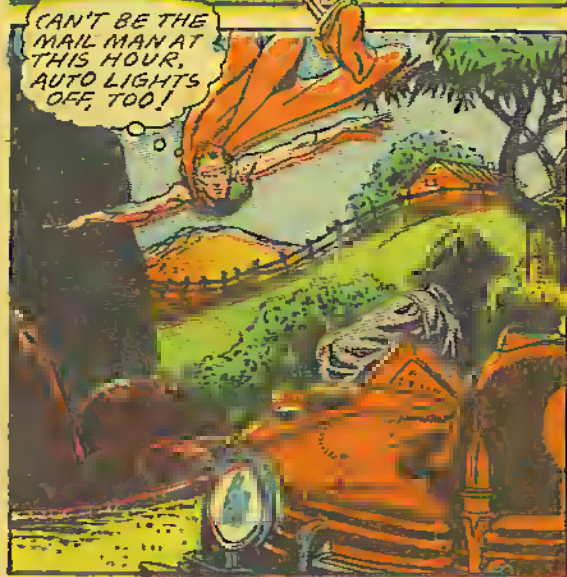






WHERE IS THE  
FIRE, CLYDE?  
HOLD IT!

DYNAMIC  
MAN! YOU'RE  
A MIND  
READER!

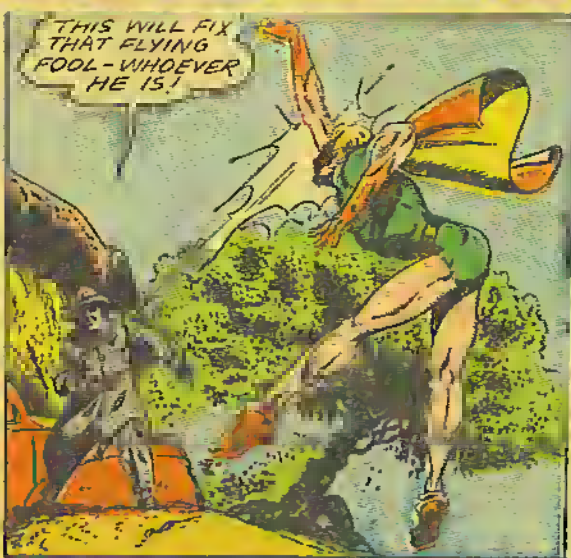


CAN'T BE THE  
MAIL MAN AT  
THIS HOUR,  
AUTO LIGHTS  
OFF, TOO!



WHAT IS THE  
DOPE ON THE  
BARGAIN  
SALE?

BEAVER HAD  
THE LOWDOWN,  
BUT HE'S BACK  
THERE-DEAD!



THIS WILL FIX  
THAT FLYING  
FOOL- WHOEVER  
HE IS!



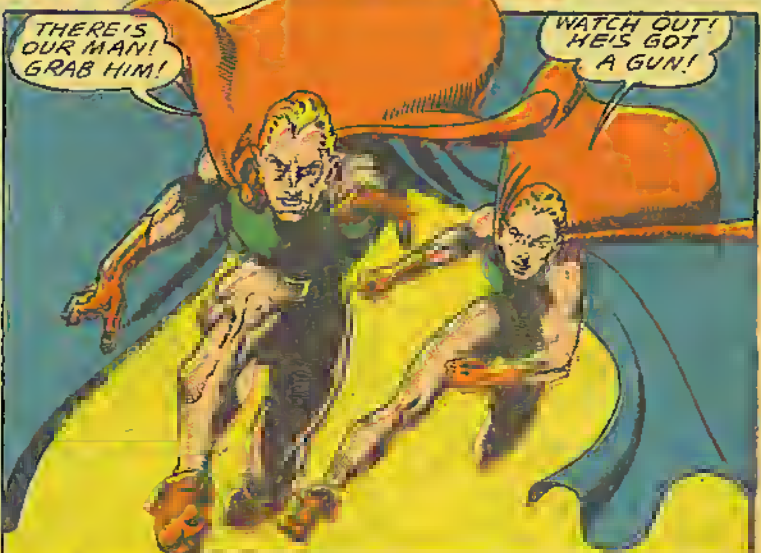
BULLET SKINNED  
MY SKULL. HE'S  
A CRACK SHOT,  
BUT I CAN'T LET  
HIM ESCAPE!



NAILED YOU,  
NOW WE'LL GET  
DOWN TO  
BRASS TACKS!



NOSEY BRAT!  
YOUR CURIOSITY  
WILL COST  
YOUR LIFE!

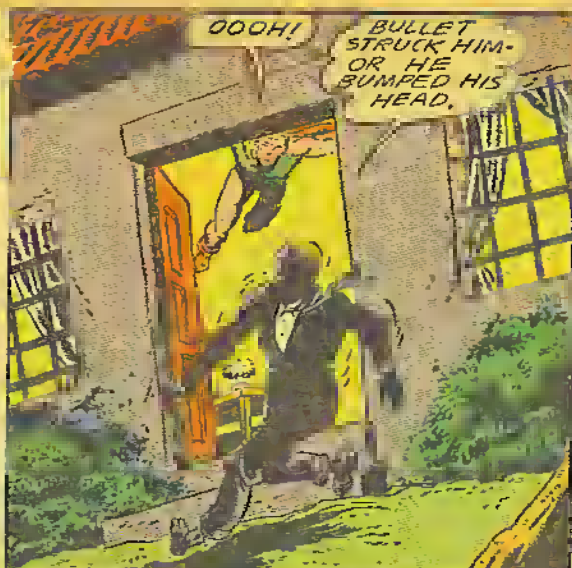






DYNAMIC MAN-  
BAH! YOU'RE  
A PHONEY!

YOU'LL SEE  
IN A SECOND  
PAXTON!



OOOH!

BULLET  
STRUCK HIM-  
OR HE  
BUMPED HIS  
HEAD.

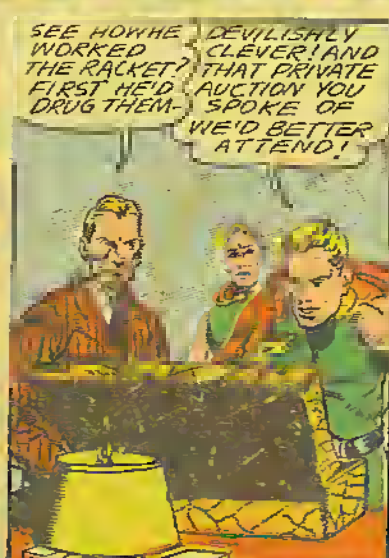


LOST MY GUN, AND  
THAT KID'S TOO TOUGH  
TO TANGLE WITH.  
CAN'T AFFORD TO  
MISS THE AUCTION  
TOMORROW!



WOW! GOT A  
TERRIFIC  
CRACK ON  
MY CRANIUM  
ON THE  
WAY OUT!

HOP INSIDE,  
QUICK! WE  
OPENED  
PAXTON'S  
SUITCASE.



SEE HOW HE  
WORKED  
THE RACKET?  
FIRST HE'D  
DRUG THEM-

DEVILISHLY  
CLEVER! AND  
THAT PRIVATE  
AUCTION YOU  
SPOKE OF  
WE'D BETTER  
ATTEND!



NEXT DAY IN A NEW YORK  
AUCTION GALLERY...

WHO'LL MAKE IT  
SEVENTY-FIVE-  
HUNDRED?



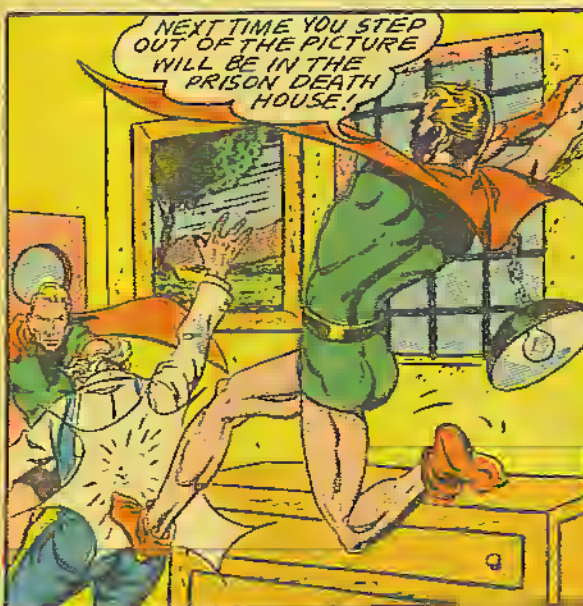
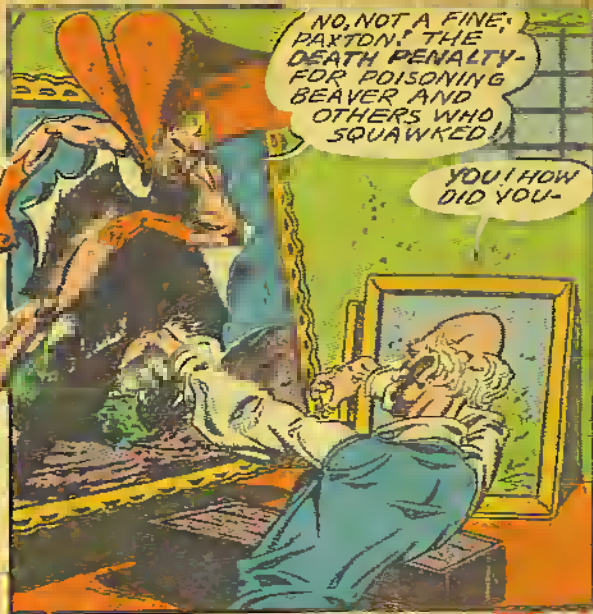
RANDALL  
HAD TO  
SELL "WINTER  
WHEAT" FOR  
FIFTY  
DOLLARS!

MASTERPIECES  
OF AMERICAN  
ART FALLING  
INTO THE  
HANDS OF  
GREEDY  
SPECULATORS-  
AND WE CAN'T  
STOP IT!



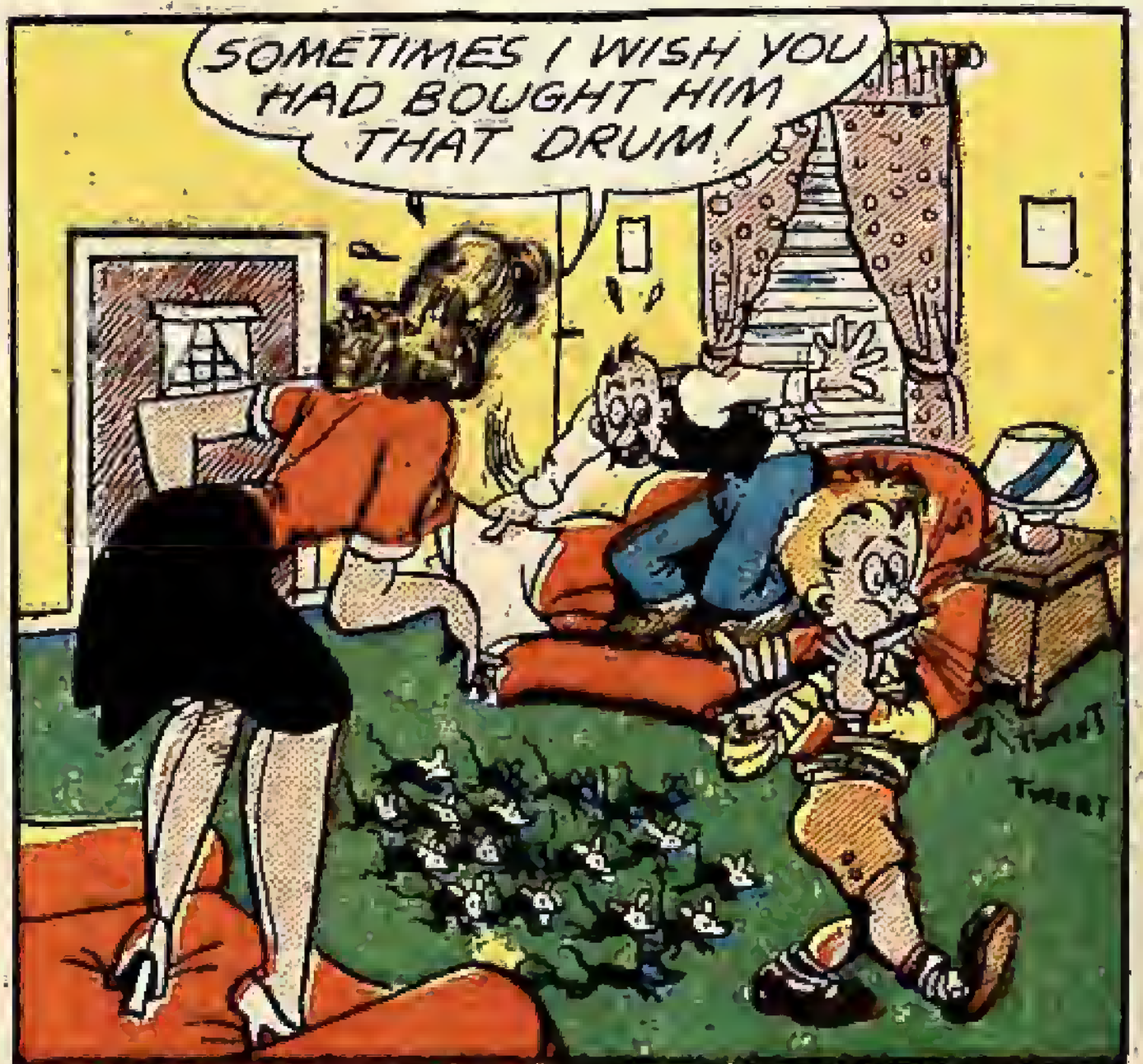
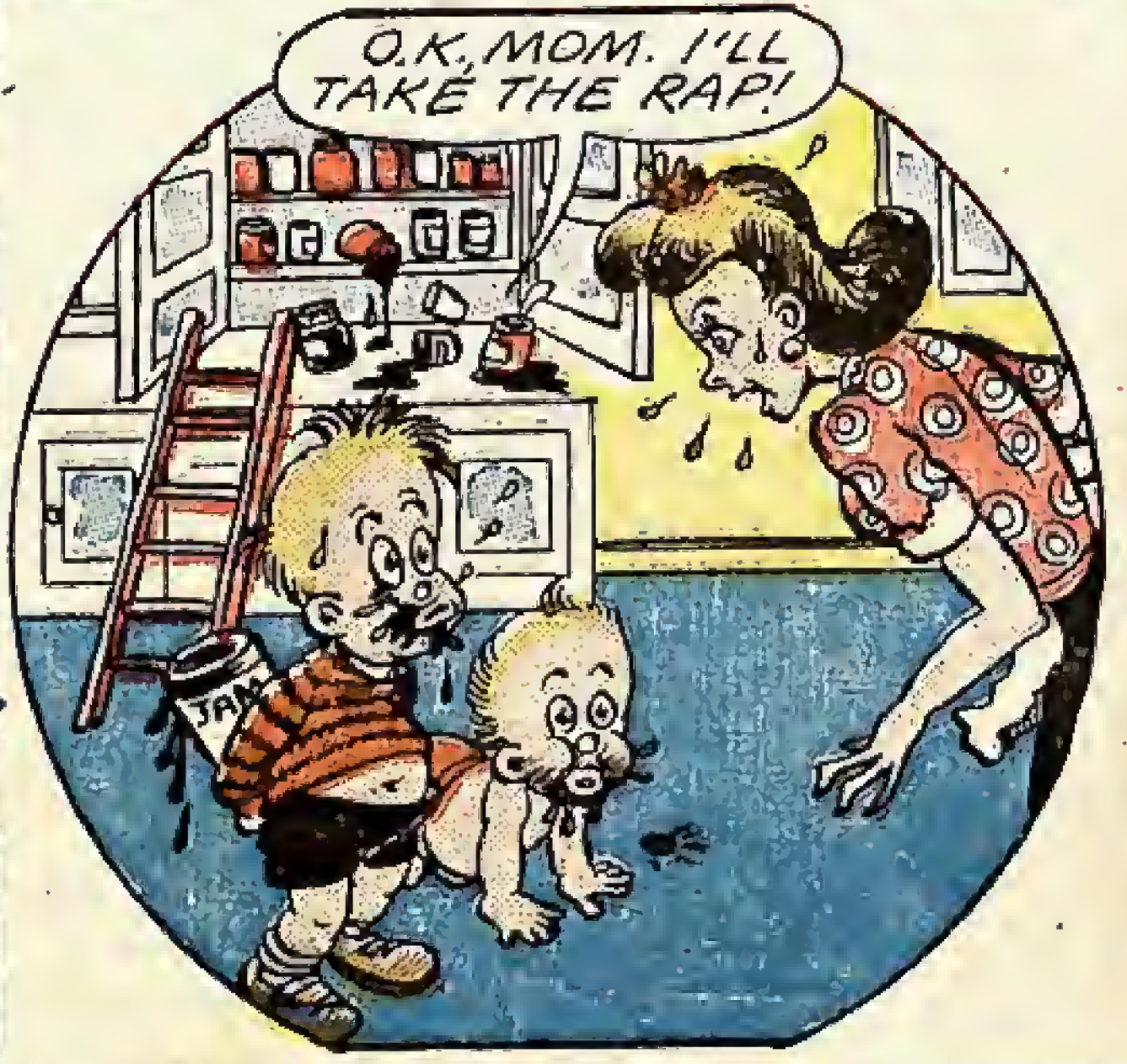
WHY NOT? FOLLOW  
ME TO THE  
STORAGE  
ROOM!







# LAUGHING AT LIFE









JARVIS WILL PROBABLY COMPLAIN TO THE POLICE. I SHOULDN'T HAVE LOST MY TEMPER.



PROCTOR JUST LEFT. WE WON'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT, MAC.



WHAT A SAP HE IS, EH, RUSTY? A NIFTY FRAMEUP!

IT WON'T TAKE ME AN HOUR TO DRIVE TO WASHINGTON AND FILE THE PATENTS ON MY PLAN. THEN A FORTUNE WILL BE WITHIN MY GRASP!



I'LL MAKE JARVIS CRASH OFF THE BRIDGE, RUSTY. YOU FINISH THE JOB.



THAT FIXES THE OLD DUCK. MAKE IT SNAPPY, RUSTY.



PICK UP MY JACKET, MAC. HERE I GO!



THIS'LL BE EASY, PICKINGS!



YOU GOT EVERYTHING, RUSTY? IS JARVIS DROWNED?



I GOT THE WORKS AND HE'S DEAD. TOSS THE ROPE, QUICK!

I'M IN A TOUGH SPOT. THE ONLY PERSON WHO CAN HELP ME IS MR. "E."



A DAY LATER RUSS PROCTOR IS A HUNTED MAN...





I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT MR. "E'S" ADVENTURES, BUT NO ONE SEEMS TO KNOW WHO HE IS.



I CAN GUESS WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. THE MYSTERY IS WHO IS MR. "E"? AM I RIGHT?

WHY, UH, YES! SO THAT'S WHY YOU'RE CALLED MR. "E"!



MY NAME IS RUSS PROCTOR. DOC WEIR TOLD ME ABOUT YOU, THE POLICE WANT ME FOR MURDER!

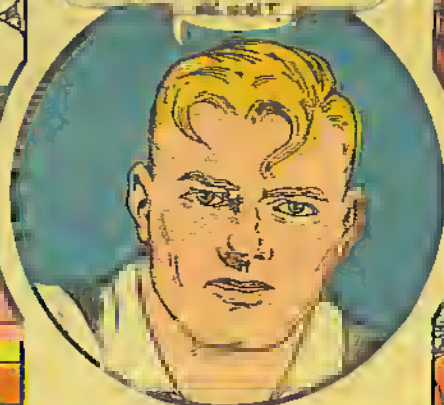
BUT I CAN TELL BY YOUR LOOKS THAT YOU'RE NOT GUILTY, A FRAME UP, EH? GIVE ME THE DETAILS.



HMM! JARVIS REPORTED TO THE POLICE THAT YOU STRUCK HIM, SO YOU WERE THE LOGICAL SUSPECT WHEN THEY FOUND HIS CAR IN THE RIVER.

BUT THAT'S NOT ALL-

WHOEVER FORCED JARVIS OFF THE BRIDGE ALSO STOLE PLANS FOR LABOR SAYING MACHINERY HE WAS GOING TO PATENT, YOU SEE I'M A TIME STUDY ENGINEER AT THE APEX



THE POLICE! THEY FOLLOWED ME HERE, WHERE CAN I HIDE?

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, PROCTOR. I'LL HANDLE THEM!



STOP, MR. "E"! OUR ANCIENT MASTER SENT US TO WARN YOU OF GREAT DANGER!

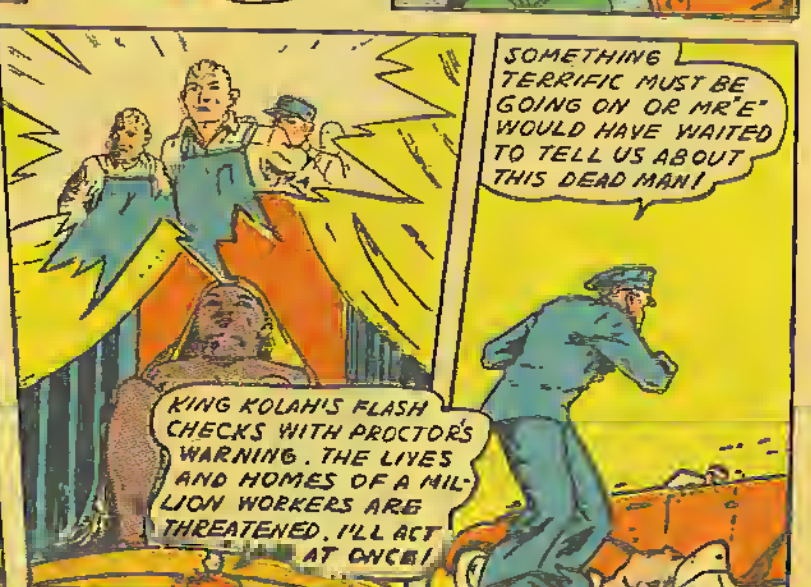
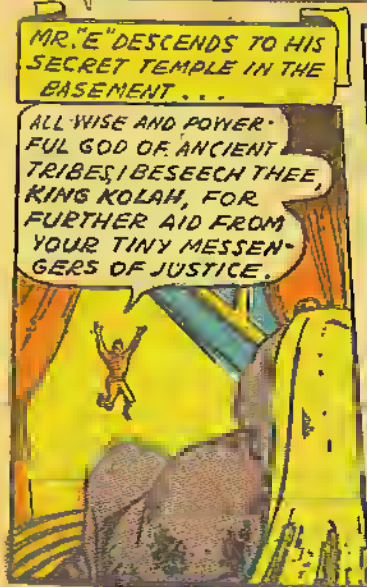
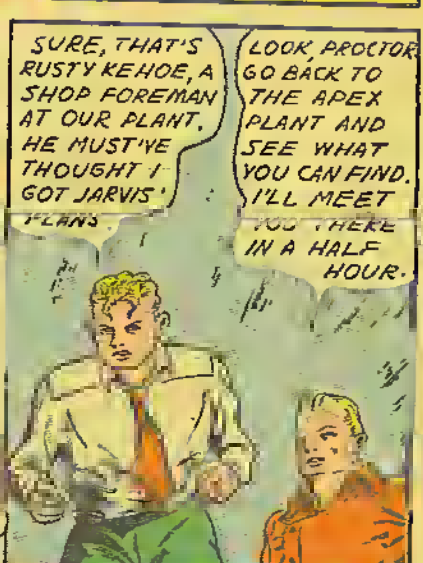
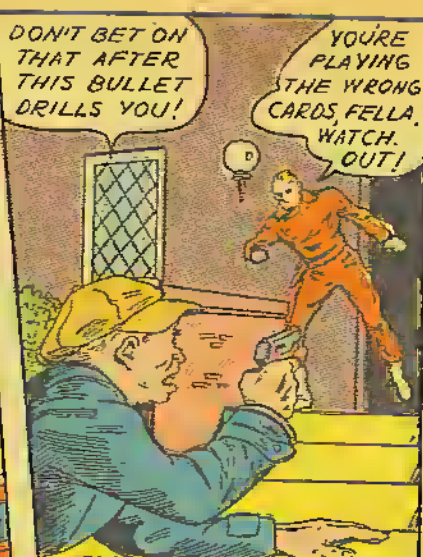
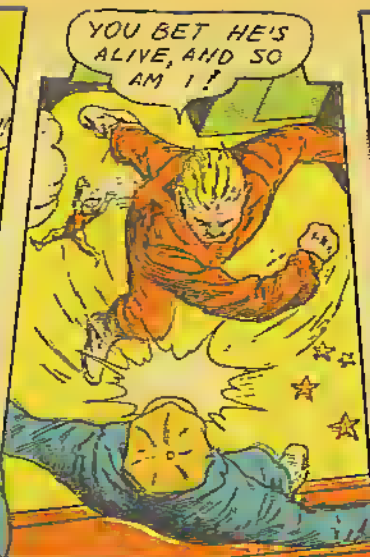
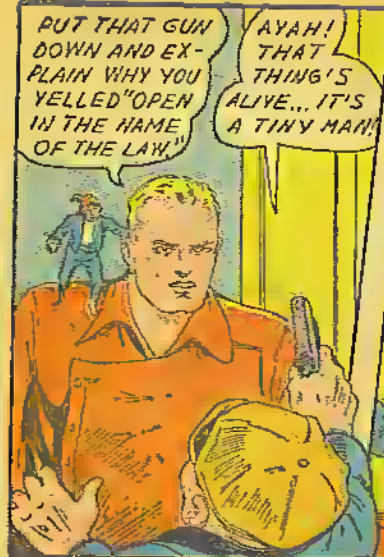
YES, A KILLER LURKS BEYOND THE DOOR!



SOMEONE WHO FOLLOWED PROCTOR. I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

YOU MAY NEED OUR HELP, MR. "E."







THERE'S  
A GREAT DAN-  
GER AHEAD  
FOR YOU,  
MR. E.

YES AND I'VE A  
HUNCH THAT  
PROCTOR'S  
ALREADY UP  
TO HIS NECK  
IN TROUBLE!

STOP! YOU  
CAN'T ENTER  
WITHOUT A  
PASS!

THAT'S WHAT  
YOU THINK!

WATCH THIS  
SAP TAKE A  
TUMBLE!

WHAT THE  
DEVCE? AM  
I SEEN 'TINY  
DEVILS?

IT'S MR. E! MAYBE  
HE'S HEARD ABOUT  
THE JARVIS SYSTEM.

THESE MEN  
SEEM VERY UP-  
SET ABOUT  
SOMETHING!

THERE'S A RUMOR  
THAT ALL US MACHINE  
SHOP WORKERS ARE  
GOING TO LOSE OUR  
JOBS WHEN THE JARVIS  
ASSEMBLY MACHINERY  
IS INSTALLED!

THAT'S WHY  
I CAME HERE,  
MEN. I'LL DO  
MY BEST FOR  
YOU!

I'M LOOKING  
FOR RUSS  
PROCTOR.  
KNOW WHERE  
I CAN FIND  
HIM?

I'D LIKE TO  
GET MY HANDS  
ON THAT  
MURDERING  
TRICKSTER!

WHY, WHAT  
DID PROCTOR  
DO, MR. KNAPP?

I SENT  
HIM TO  
BUY

THE  
JARVIS PLAN  
SO WE COULD  
DESTROY ITS  
MENACE TO A  
MILLION SHOP  
WORKERS BUT  
PROCTOR DOUBLE-  
CROSSED ME!

THAT'S A  
LIE. HURRY  
DOWN TO  
THE BOILER  
ROOM, MR.  
'E'!

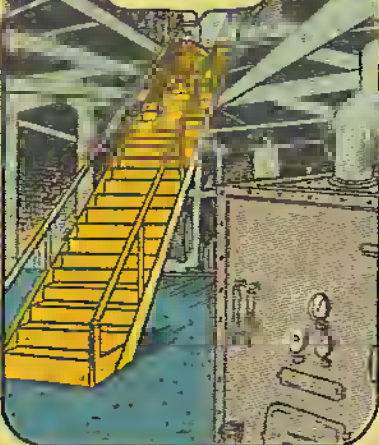
WHAT'S THAT  
LITTLE DEVIL?  
HOW'D HE  
GET IN HERE!



WHY DID YOU LET HIM GET AWAY, BOSS? IF HE FINDS PROCTOR-  
WE'LL STOP HIM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE, BUT WE DON'T WANT ANY WITNESSES!

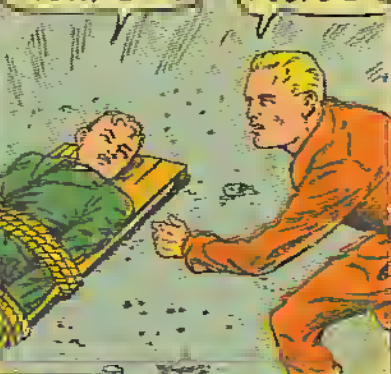


PROCTOR! HOLY SMOKE! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MOMENT!



KNAPP MADE ME THE DUPE OF HIS SCHEME. HE DIDN'T WANT TO GET JARVIS' PLAN TO DESTROY IT... HE WANTED TO INSTALL IT!

QUIET! I HEAR FOOTSTEPS



THERE HE IS. KILL HIM!

IT'S A PLEASURE, BOSS!



NOT SO FAST, BIG BOY! DROP THAT GUN!

OUCH! MY EYES. LOOK OUT, MAC! THOSE LITTLE DEVILS ARE LOOSE!



ONE BULLET IN HIS BRAIN AND WE STUFF HIM INTO THE FURNACE ALONG WITH PROCTOR!

I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT!



BUT I'LL ACT FIRST AND TALK AFTERWARD!

THAT KNOCK ON THE NOGGIN OUGHT TO HOLD HIM, MR. "E."



THAT FIXES HIM FOR KEEPS! GET ON YOUR FEET, MAC, QUICK!



READY! FEED HIM TO THE FLAMES!

OUCH! HEY-WHAT TH'?



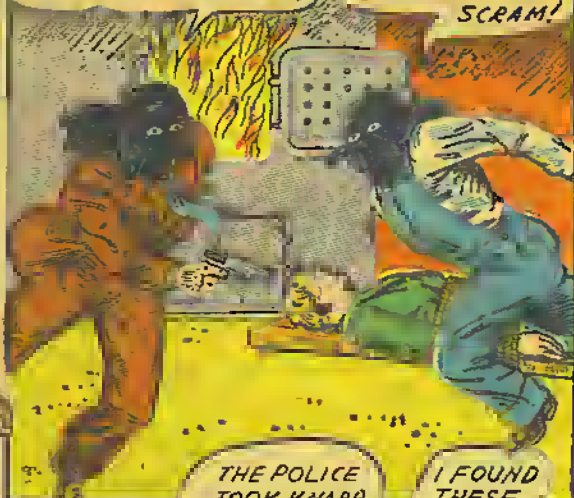


WE'VE GOT 'EM  
WORRIED. THEY  
WON'T DARE PUSH  
HIM INTO THE  
FIRE BOX!

I'VE GOT TO  
CATCH THEM  
OFF GUARD!

BLOCK HIM, MAC!  
MY GUN'S JAMMED!

NOTHIN' DOIN'  
BOSS. I'M GONNA  
SCRAM!



YOU WON'T NEED  
ANOTHER SOCK LIKE  
THIS ONE, KNAPP!



THESE LITTLE  
FELLOWS CUT 'EM TILL  
ME LOOSE. THE COPS  
ONE SHOT  
MAC WITH  
HIS OWN  
GUN.

GUARD  
FELLOWS CUT 'EM TILL  
THE COPS  
COME, THEN  
MEET ME  
UP IN THE  
OFFICE.



THE POLICE  
TOOK KNAPP  
AND MAC. I  
TOLD 'EM YOU'D  
PROVIDE ALL  
THE EVIDENCE.

I FOUND  
THESE  
BLUEPRINTS  
OF JARVIS'  
PRODUCTION  
SYSTEM IN  
A SECRET  
DRAWER  
OF KNAPP'S  
DESK.



WITHIN TEN MINUTES...

THESE BLUE-  
PRINTS ARE  
FADED, PROV-  
ING THAT KNAPP'S  
MEN TOOK THEM  
FROM JARVIS'  
CAR AFTER  
THEY FORCED  
HIM OFF THE  
BRIDGE.

THIS  
EVIDENCE  
WILL  
SEND  
KNAPP  
AND MAC  
TO THE  
CHAIR!



THERE'LL BE A NEW  
PLANT SUPERINTENDANT,  
AND YOU MEN WILL  
NEVER HAVE TO WORRY  
ABOUT LOSING YOUR  
JOBS BECAUSE I'LL  
DESTROY THOSE PLANS  
MYSELF!



AT NIGHTFALL ...

JUSTICE HAS WON  
AGAIN, MIGHTY KING  
KOLAH. BUT WITHOUT  
THE AID OF YOUR LITTLE  
MESSENGERS I MIGHT  
NOW HAVE BEEN  
A CHARRED CORPSE!





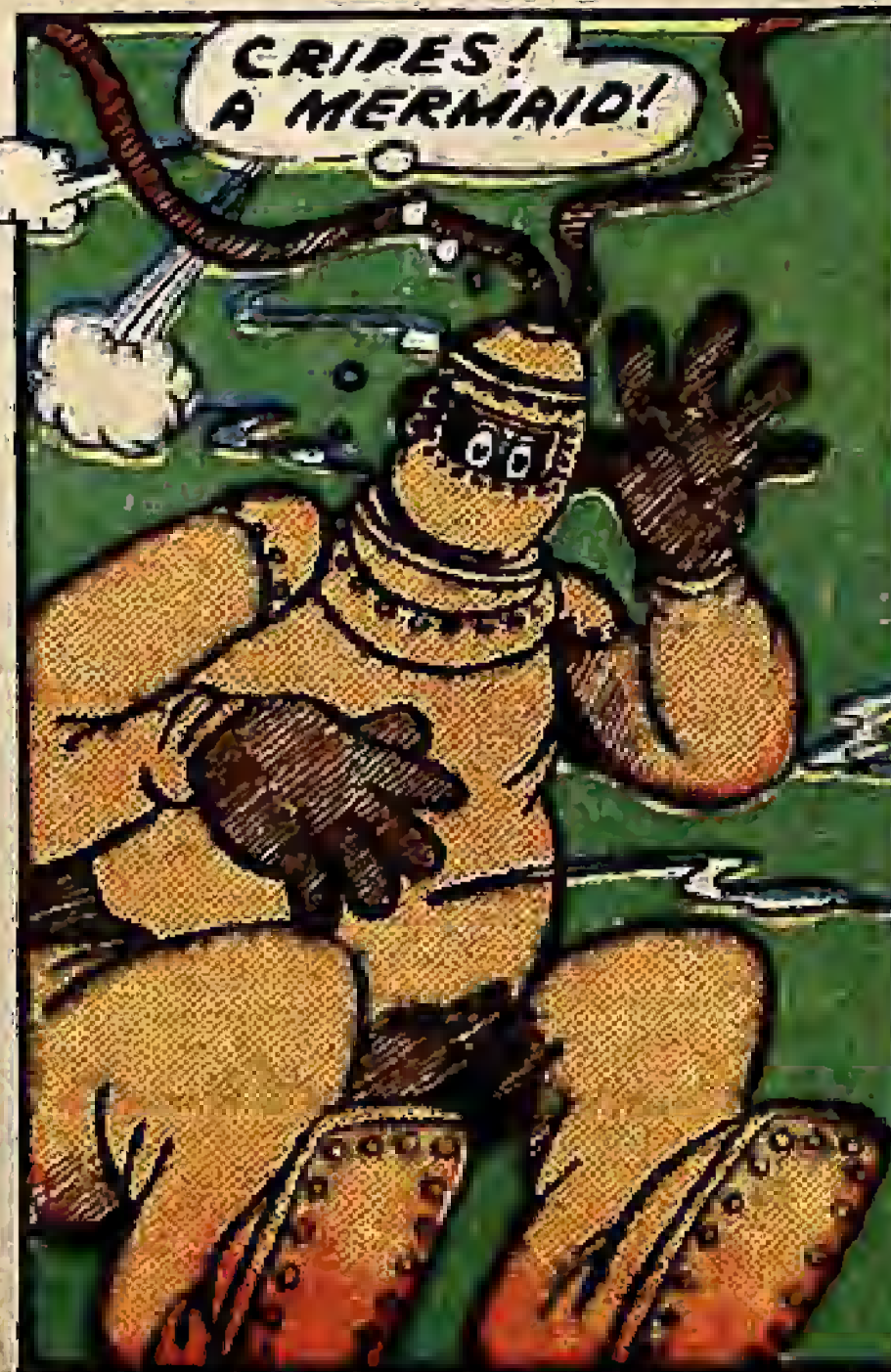
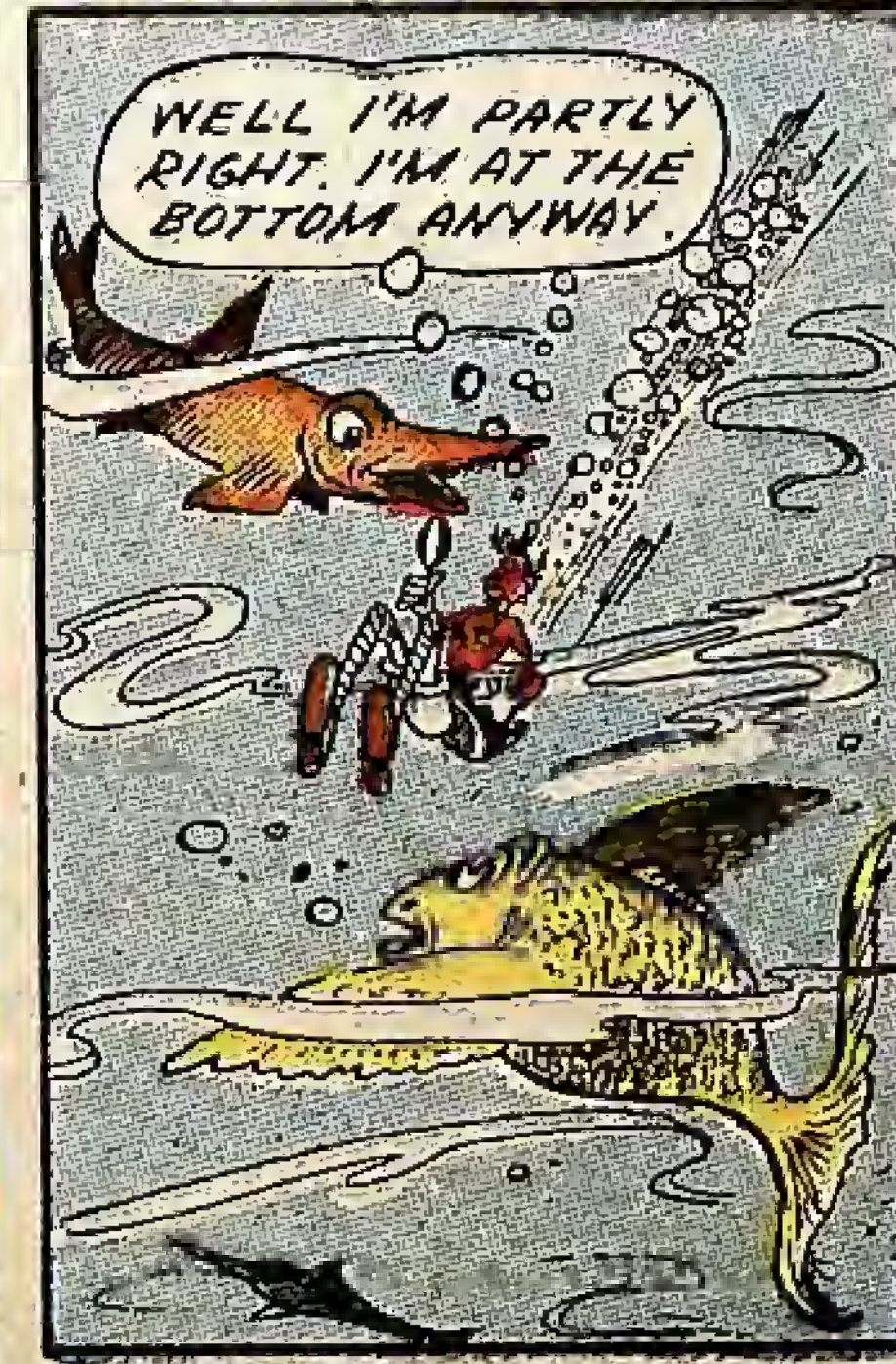
# IMA SLOOTH



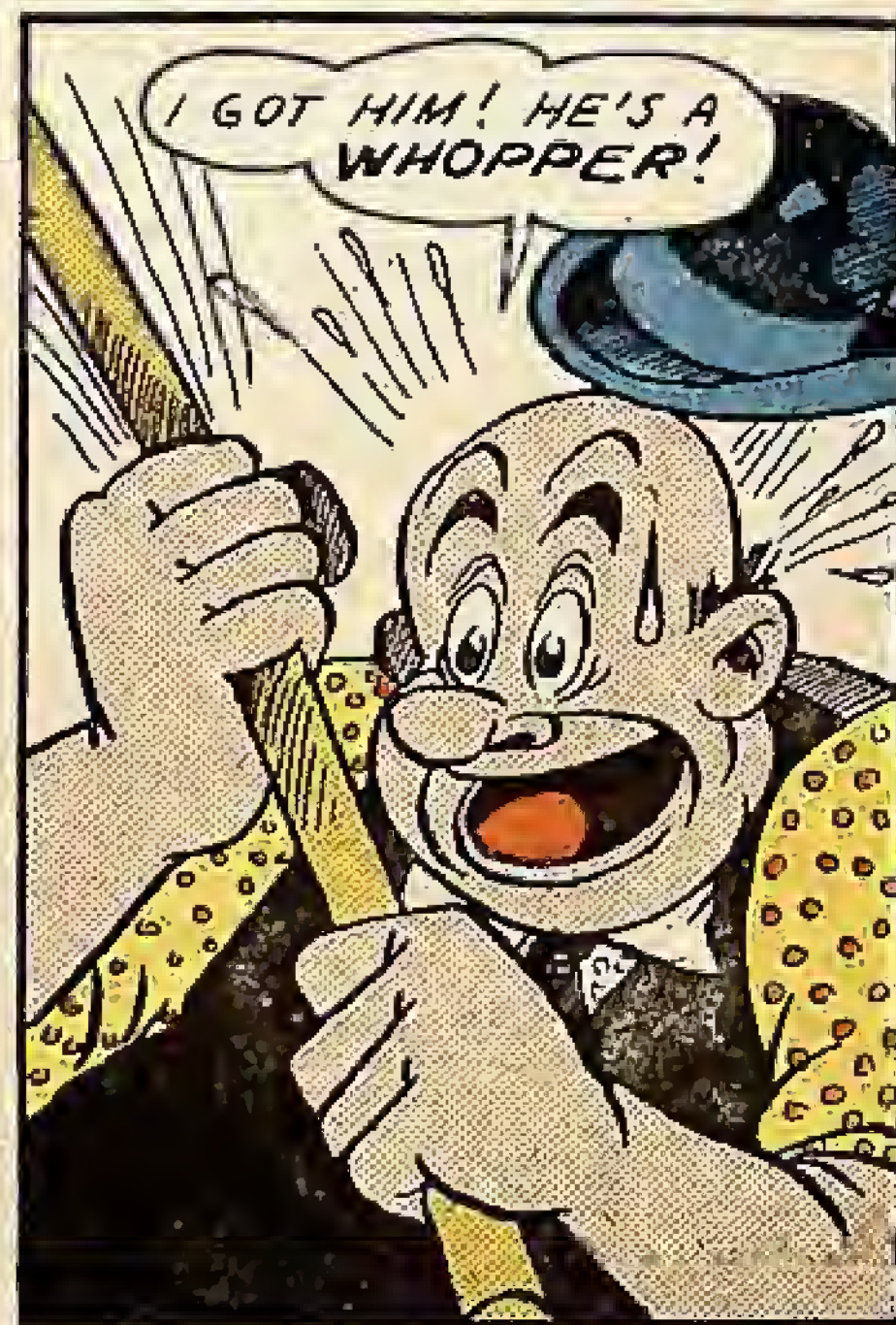
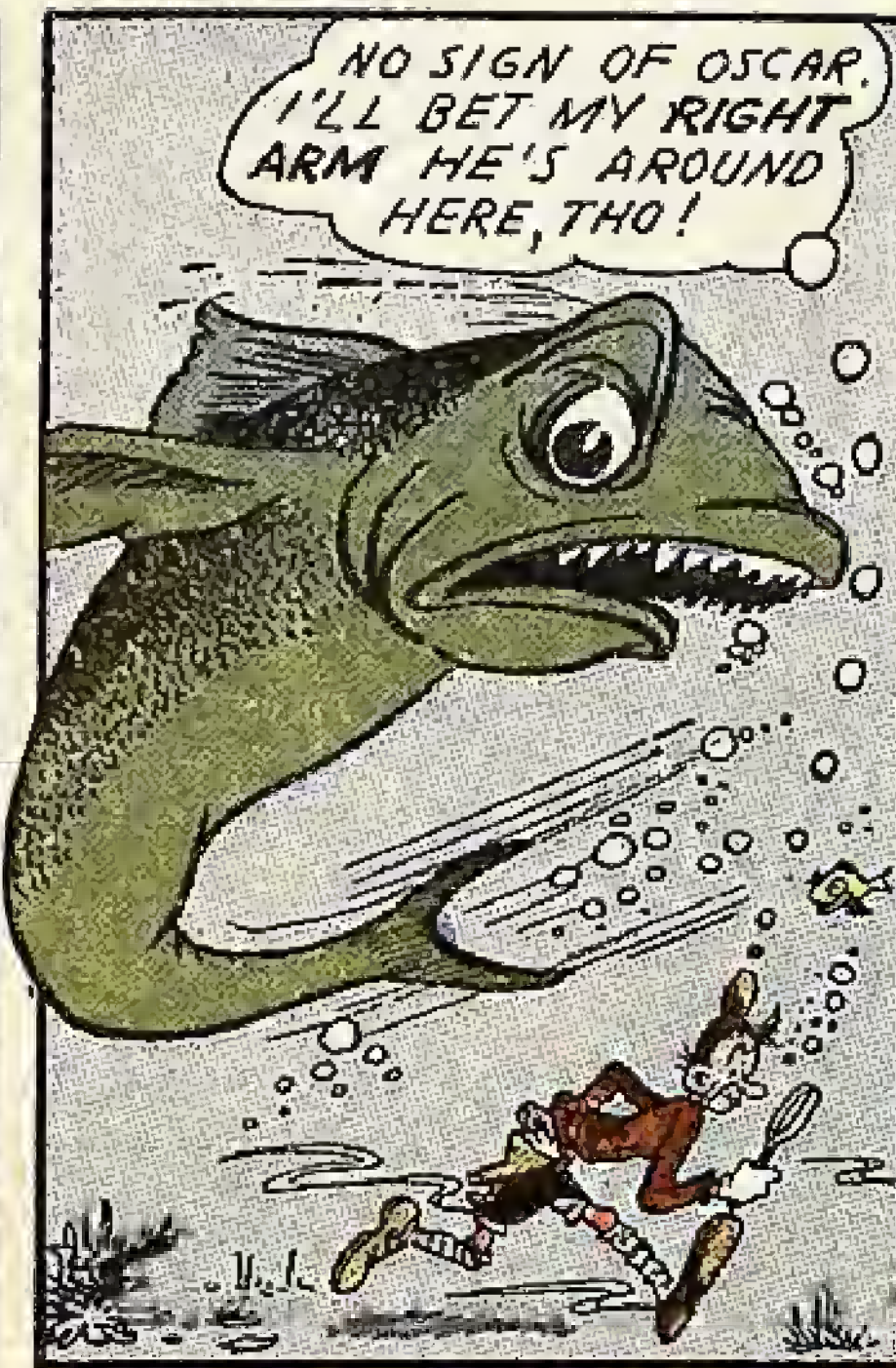
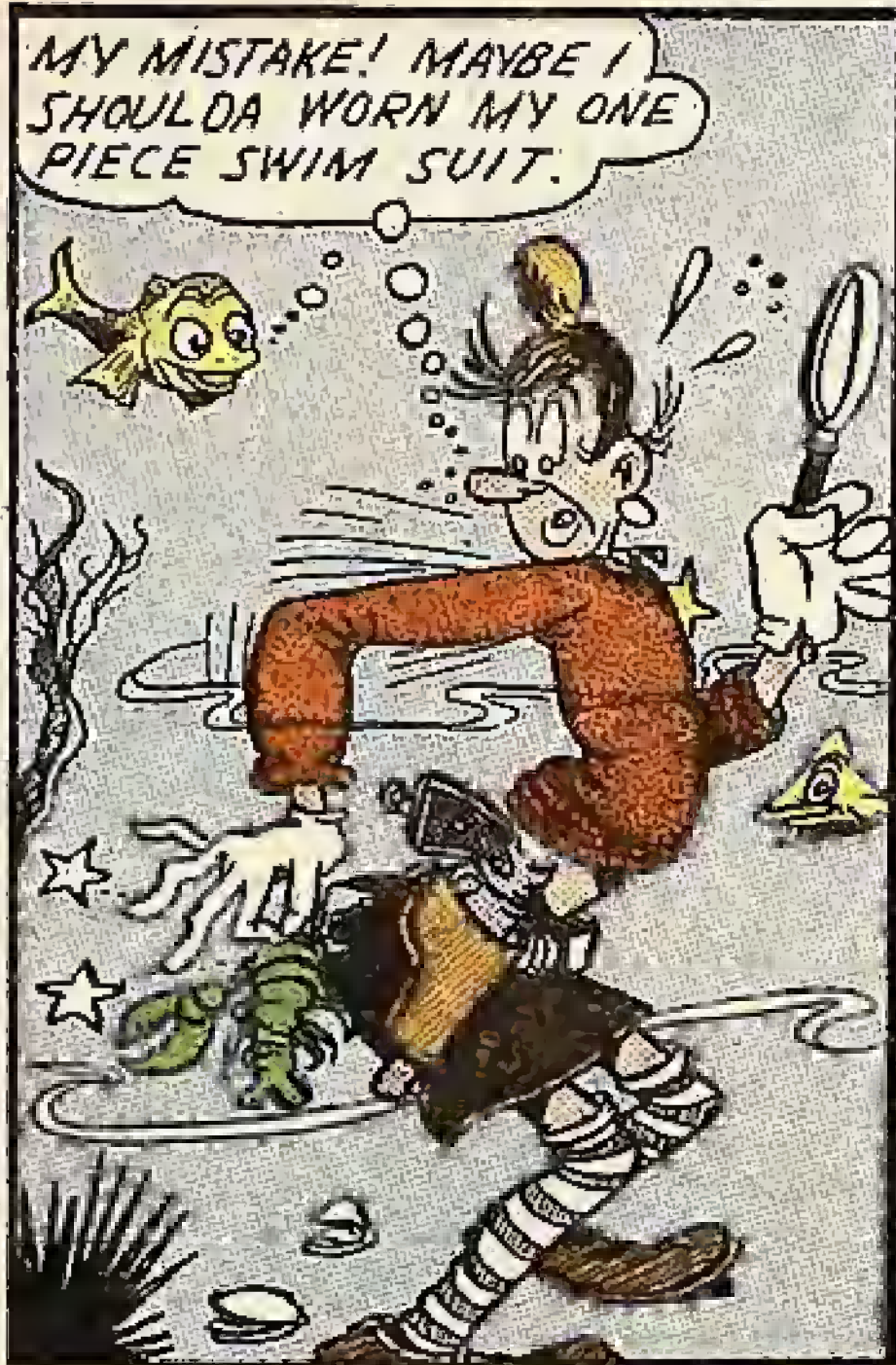
HMM-YOUR FIGURE'S FAMILIAR BUT I CAN'T PLACE THE FACE WHO'S THIS OSCAR?



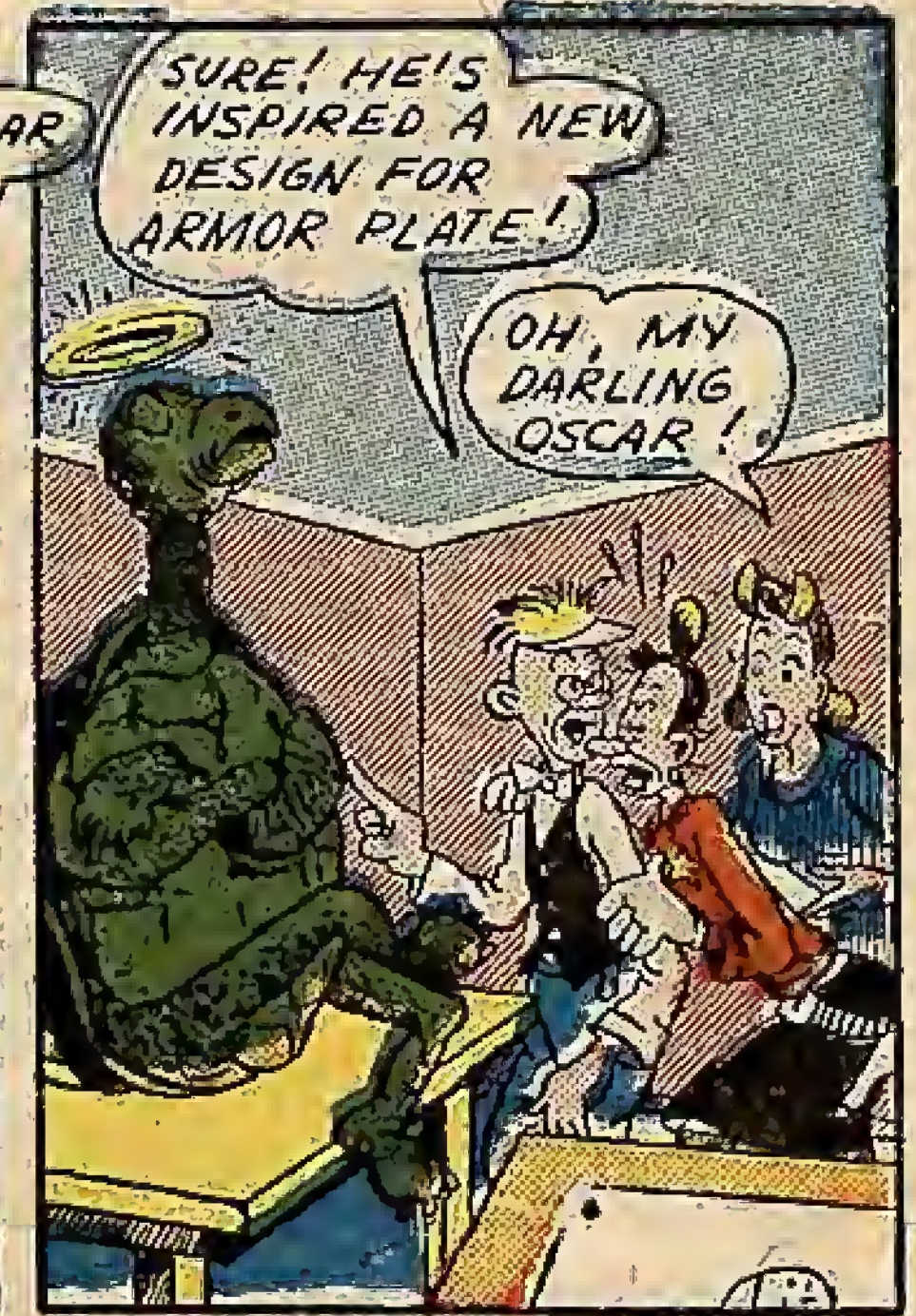














# LOSER'S LUCK

Lucky Coyne stood on the Court House steps flipping his favorite half dollar nervously.

"Shine, boss?" the small figure at his side asked.

Lucky glanced down at the eager face. "Not today, Tony, I'm broke. Haven't got a cent to my name," he noticed the brown eyes follow the twisting coin he was flipping. Then he grinned. "Oh, so I'm a liar, Tony. You see, this is my good luck piece. If I ever lost it, I'd give a hundred bucks to get it back. See you tomorrow and I'll buy a couple of shines."

"You bet, boss!" Tony turned toward a new customer.

Lucky turned toward the subway to start back to the office. He'd see if his boss was going to come through with the raise he was promised. Hadn't he just come from the courtroom where Jack Mitchell was found guilty of extortion? Hadn't he written up the racket and been responsible for Mitchell's arrest? That raise had better be good!

Still the news could wait until tomorrow. Perhaps he should drop in on Kitty Kelly and see if she had made a fresh apple pie by any chance. He tossed the coin. Heads it was the office, tails, Kitty and apple pie!

"Come along with us!" a voice snapped into Lucky's ear. Two men flanked him.

One sneered, "There's a rod in your back so don't try any tricks!"

Lucky nodded, "Okay, you win!" he glanced at the coin in his hand and mumbled, "I guess I won't be needing this." He flipped it back toward the shoe shine boy.

They entered a car at the curb. Lucky was pushed into the back seat, a gunman on each side of him.

"You're Jack Mitchell's friends," he told them. One nodded, "Yeah, and you won't be pulling

the same stunt on us you did on him. When the other reporters visit you in the morgue, they'll think twice before sticking their noses into other people's business." He leaned forward, "Okay, Joe, let's get this over with in a hurry."

In a short time the car drew up near a dark alley. "This is it," the driver mumbled. "Get it over with in a hurry. I've got a date tonight."

One of the men prodded Lucky, "Step out!" he ordered.

"Sure," Lucky grinned. He had seen the dimmed headlights half a block away. He hesitated for a second on the running board and then leaped for the shadow of the building.

Instantly two guns barked. Lead whipped past Lucky's head.

Suddenly, the siren of the police car shrieked. The gears of the gangsters' car screamed as the driver tried frantically to put on speed. A gun flame stabbed the darkness and the car veered, then swung straight into the nearby building. The gunmen were unconscious when the policemen dragged them from the wrecked car.

The next day, Lucky was in front of the Court House. Anxiously he paced up and down, waiting. Finally a thin voice piped at his side, "Shine, boss?"

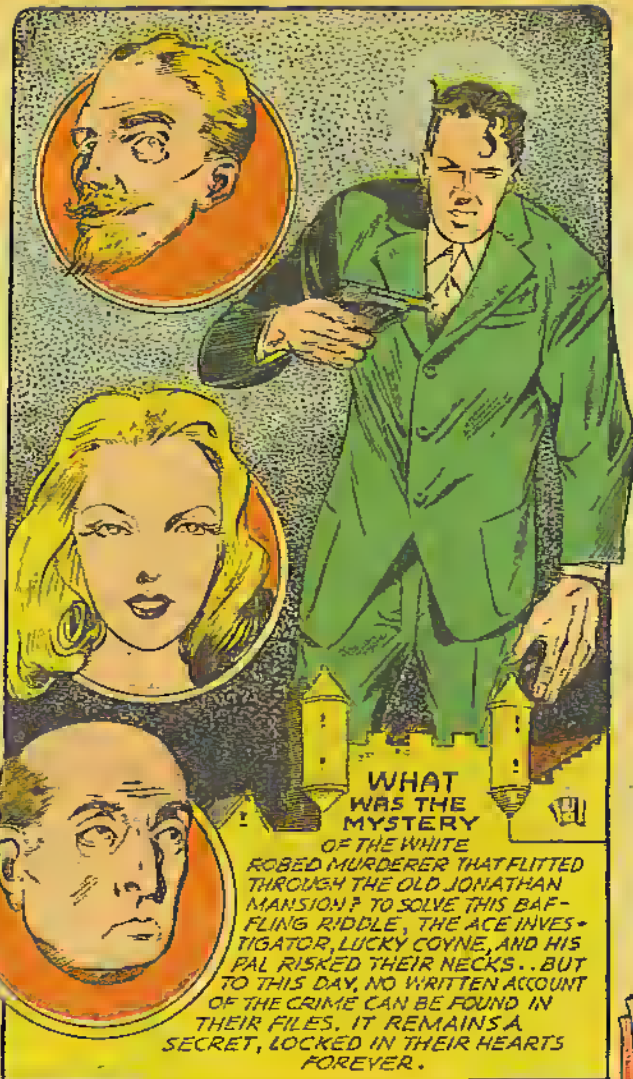
Lucky dug into his pocket, "Hand over that coin, Tony. Here's the hundred bucks I told you I'd pay to anyone who returned it. I knew you'd catch on and notify the police when I tossed it to you."

Tony's eyes widened. "Gosh, boss, was that you who gave me the half buck? I thought it was the guy whose shoes I was shining. I didn't notify the police about anything and—" he paused, "I spent the four bits on a book called 'How to be a Detective'."



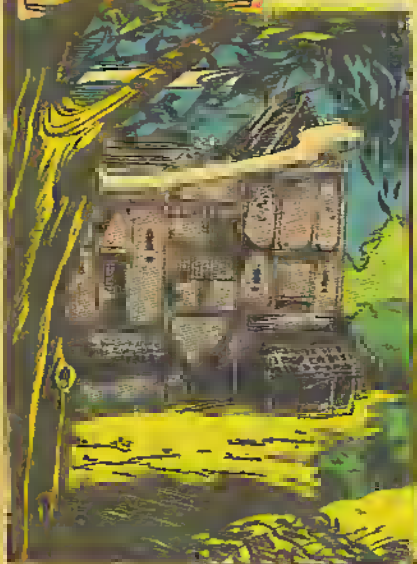
LUCKY

COYNE



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN STANDS THE OLD JONATHAN MANSION.

A DOOR CREAKS, AND STEALTHLY THE FORM CREEPS FORWARD.



EACH MIDNIGHT, WHEN THE MOON IS FULL, A SILENT FORM GLIDES THROUGH THE EMPTY HALLS.

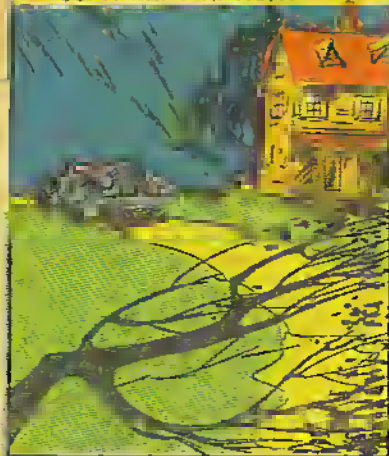








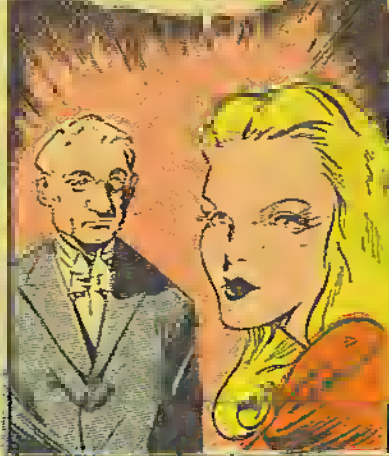
SOON THE TWO INVESTIGATORS REACH THE DREARY DRIVEWAY THAT LEADS TO THE SECLUDED JONATHAN MANSION.



THIS IS DR. KNOWLES. THESE MEN ARE TAKING THE CASE, DOCTOR.

MARTHA, I WISH YOU HAD TALKED TO ME BEFORE CONSULTING THEM.

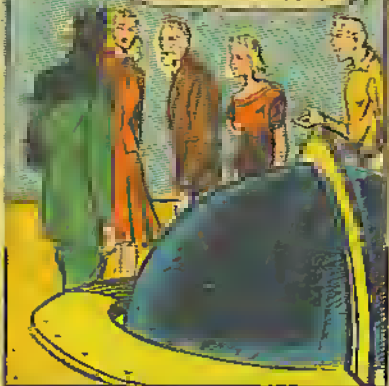
AND THIS IS PETER. HE HAS BEEN WITH US FOR YEARS.



AND THIS IS MY STEP-MOTHER AND MY OWN FATHER. LUCKY COYNE AND TERRY, THEY ARE TAKING THE CASE.

I CAN ASSURE YOU THE CASE WILL GO NO FURTHER THAN US, SIR!

I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY SHOULD.



THE WILL OF THE DEAD UNCLE. I MIGHT LEARN SOMETHING HERE.

GIVE ME THAT. YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO SNOOP IN MY BROTHER'S PAPERS.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, ON THE TERRACE.

THAT WILL HAD ONLY ONE SENTENCE. IT LEFT ALL THE UNCLE'S MONEY TO HIS BROTHER, WHO IS MARTHA'S FATHER.



THAT NIGHT, AS THE CLOCK STRIKES ELEVEN.

I DO NOT KNOW IF THE KILLER WILL STRIKE AGAIN, BUT PLEASE WATCH OUT.

WE'LL BE ON GUARD, MISS MARTHA.



LATER, AS THE LAST STROKE OF TWELVE FADES AWAY...



ONCE AGAIN, THE SILENT WHITE ROBED FIGURE STALKS WITH CAT-LIKE TREAD...









AS LUCKY TRIES, IN VAIN, TO CONDUCT AN INVESTIGATION...

NOW THAT WE'RE ALL HERE... YOU'LL HAVE TO BEGIN ONE BY ONE AND ACCOUNT FOR YOUR WHEREABOUTS THIS EVE.....



THIS IS GETTING TOO DARN SERIOUS. I'M GETTING REAL PROTECTION FROM NOW ON. YOU TWO ARE DISCHARGED.



A SILENT FIGURE CLOSELY VIEWS THE PROCEEDINGS.



LOOK! SOMEONE'S AT THE WINDOW!

THAT'S WORK FOR US, TERRY!

RIGHT!



NO TIME FOR OPENING DOORS!



WE'RE GAINING ON HIM, LUCKY!

WATCH THIS!



YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY THIS TIME!



WHY YOU, I'LL

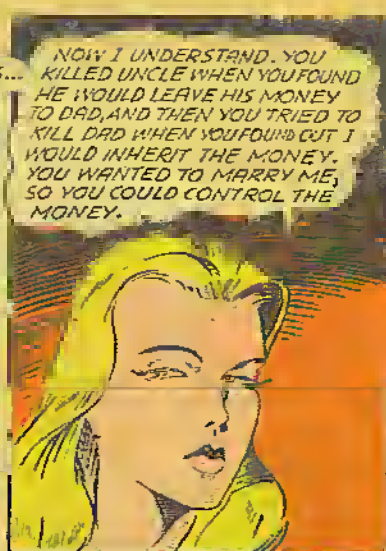
DO NOTHING! GET A LOAD OF THIS!



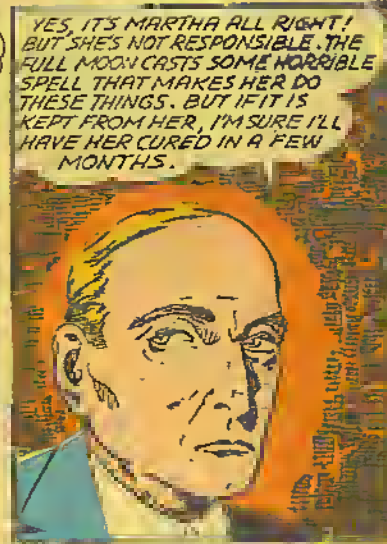
NOW WE'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THIS BABY!















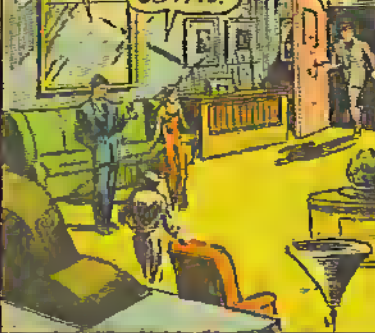
# ECHO

DR. DOOM AND HIS SISTER, CORA, ENTERTAIN THEIR BROTHER, THE FEARLESS FOE OF CRIME, THE ECHO.

I SAY, ISN'T THAT YOUNG PAUL WITHERBEE?

DR. DOOM! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, YOU MUST!

SO IT IS!



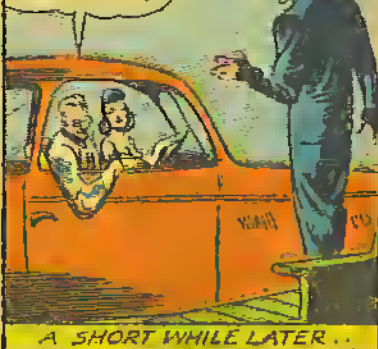
I WISH YOU'D RUN OVER AND SEE MY MOTHER, DR. DOOM. SHE'S IN A TERRIBLE NERVOUS STATE AND IMAGINES ALL SORTS OF THINGS.

I'LL VISIT HER AS A FRIEND, PAUL, BUT I CAN'T INTRUDE INTO THE CASE. IT MAY INTERFERE WITH DR. ANTON'S PLANS.



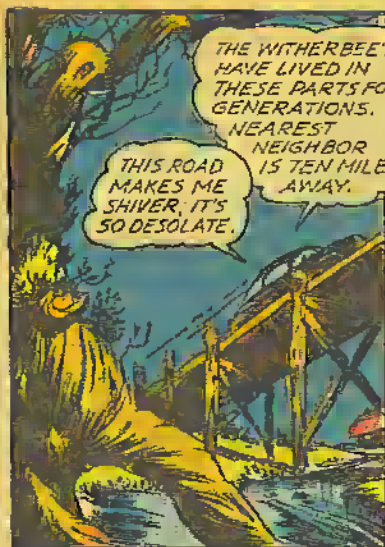
I'LL WAIT FOR YOU AND CORA TO GET BACK.

WE ARE RUNNING OVER TO SEE MRS. WITHERBEE, ECHO. WHAT ABOUT YOU?



A SHORT WHILE LATER..





THE WITHERBEE'S  
HAVE LIVED IN  
THESE PARTS FOR  
GENERATIONS.  
NEAREST  
NEIGHBOR  
IS TEN MILES  
AWAY.

THIS ROAD  
MAKES ME  
SHIVER, IT'S  
SO DESOLATE.



IT'S POSITIVELY  
GLOOMY. I KEEP  
THINKING I HEAR  
WHISPERING VOICES  
FROM THE  
TREES.

STEADY, SIS...  
IT'S JUST THE  
TREES RUSTLING.  
ON SUNNY DAYS  
IT'S INVITING...  
ALMOST!



YOUNG PAUL WITHERBEE  
USHERS THEM IN.



WHHHHHHOOOOEEEEEEEEE

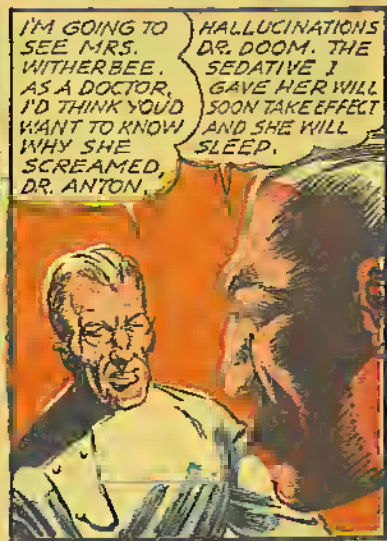
MERCY...  
WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S MOTHER...  
COME QUICK!



I FORBID YOU  
TO GO TO YOUR  
MOTHER, PAUL.  
AND WHO ARE  
THESE PEOPLE?

FRIENDS OF  
MINE. WHAT  
HAS HAPPENED?  
WE HEARD A  
HORRIBLE  
SCREAM!



I'M GOING TO  
SEE MRS.  
WITHERBEE.  
AS A DOCTOR,  
I'D THINK YOU'D  
WANT TO KNOW  
WHY SHE  
SCREAMED,  
DR. ANTON.

HALLUCINATIONS  
DR. DOOM. THE  
SEDATIVE I  
GAVE HER WILL  
SOON TAKE EFFECT  
AND SHE WILL  
SLEEP.



IF YOU ENTER  
THIS ROOM, THE  
EFFECT ON MRS.  
WITHERBEE MAY  
BE DISASTROUS.

I WILL  
ACCEPT  
SUCH A  
RESPONSIBILITY!



ONE MUST IN A  
CRISIS LIKE THIS.



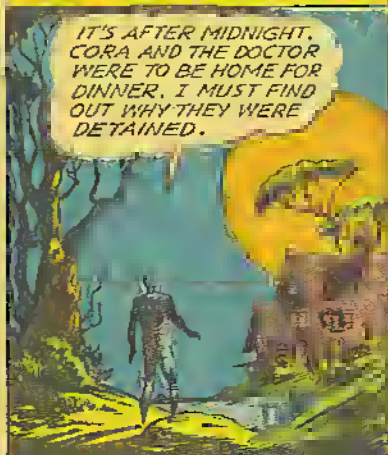
CIRCUMSTANCES  
FORCES THIS, THINGS  
ARE MORE SERIOUS  
THAN YOU THINK.







MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE WITHERBEE MANSION ON THE LONELY DUNES, STANDS THE SILENT FIGURE OF THE ECHO.



IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT. CORA AND THE DOCTOR WERE TO BE HOME FOR DINNER. I MUST FIND OUT WHY THEY WERE DETAINED.



SWIFTLY, HE ENTERS THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW...

... AND MOUNTS THE LONG DISMAL STAIRCASE.



THE STAIRS CREAK... I MUST TRED LIGHTLY!



ONE COMES, WE WILL HAVE A VICTIM TO-NIGHT.

SHHHH!

WHILE ON THE TOP OF THE STAIRS.



SHHHH!

WHAT...?



MORE! THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS.



FRESH BLOOD - FRESH BLOOD!

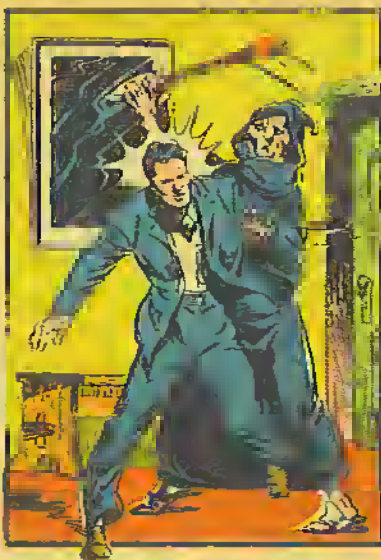


SUDDENLY, THE RADIO ACTIVE RING OF THE ECHO FLASHES AND THE SLIMY CREATURES ARE FROZEN IN THEIR TRACKS.

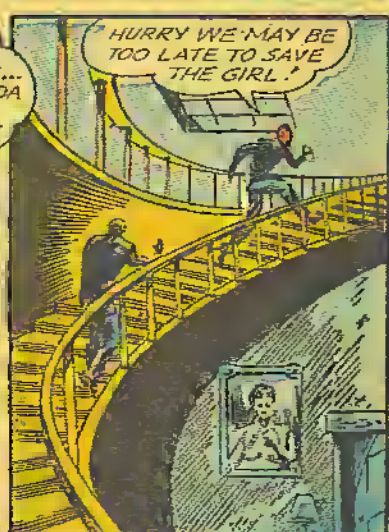


IT'S INHUMAN, NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST? THOSE EYES... CREATURES OF THE NIGHT...

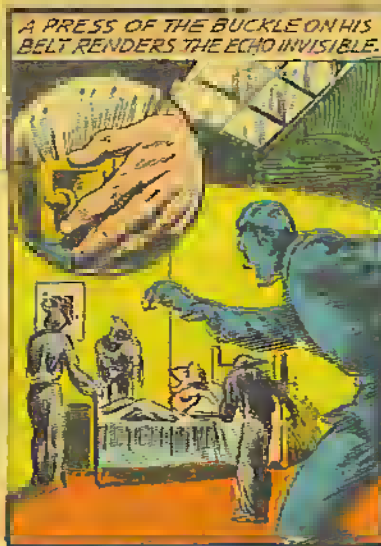










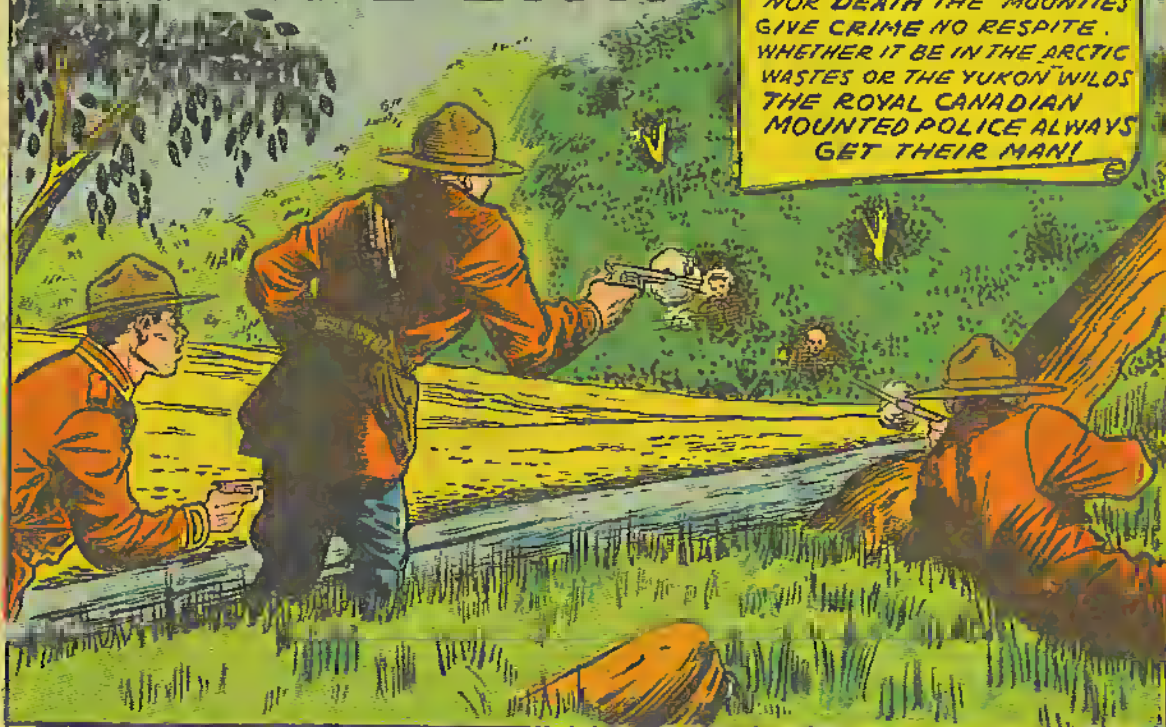




# MANHUNTERS

## GUARDIANS OF THE LAW

EVER ALERT, EVER WATCHFUL  
FEARING NEITHER DANGER,  
NOR DEATH THE "MOUNTIES"  
GIVE CRIME NO RESPIRE.  
WHETHER IT BE IN THE ARCTIC  
WASTES OR THE YUKON WILDS  
THE ROYAL CANADIAN  
MOUNTED POLICE ALWAYS  
GET THEIR MAN!



A MIDNIGHT ROBBERY IN SALTER  
SASKATCHEWAN BY A DANGEROUS TRIO:  
BILL AND MIKE KURULAK AND BILL MILLER.

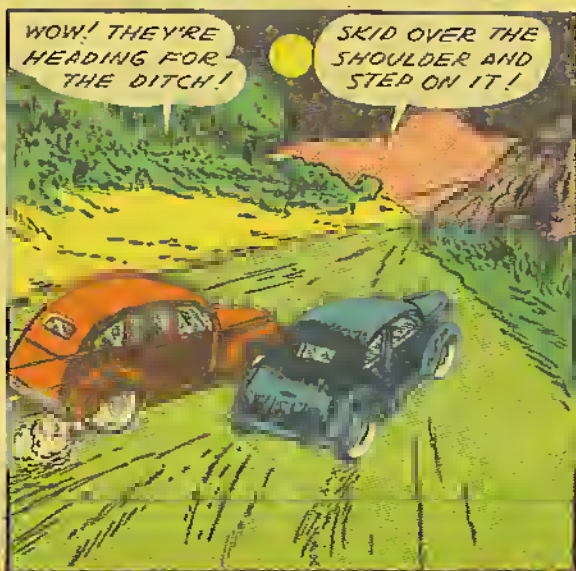


NEXT THE BANDITS LOOT A LONELY  
HOUSE AND MAKE THEIR GETAWAY  
IN A STOLEN CAR.

A FAT HAUL  
EH, FELLAS!









CUTTING PAST THE  
"MOUNTIE" THE CROOKS  
LEAD A RECKLESS RACE.

CAN'T GAIN AN  
INCH! HAVE-TO  
STOP AT SHEHO  
AND PHONE RALLS.



WATCH FOR  
'EM AT FOAM  
LAKE, RALLS.

RIGHT-O,  
NOVAKOWSKI!  
I'LL BLOCK  
THE BRIDGE



HERE THEY  
COME. THEY  
WON'T GET  
BY ME.



GET OUT  
WITH YOUR  
HANDS UP!



THE CROOKS REPLY  
WITH SPITTING DEATH.

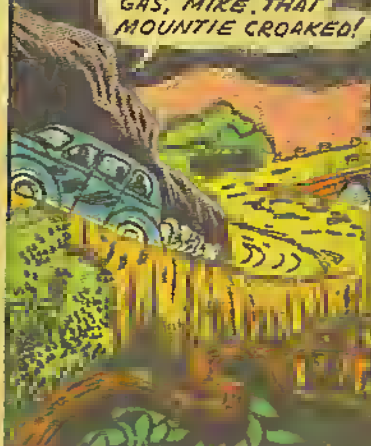
UH-MGH!

SEZ YOU,  
MOUNTIE!



PUSHING RALLS' CAR ASIDE  
THE KILLERS SPEED OFF.

GIVE 'ER THE  
GAS, MIKE. THAT  
MOUNTIE CROAKED!



INSPECTOR MOORHEAD TAKES CHARGE  
AT THE MURDER SCENE.

WE'LL TRAIL 'EM  
TO THE ENDS  
OF THE EARTH.  
NOVAKOWSKI.



RIGHT-O!  
HUTCHINSON  
AND I WILL FORM  
A POSSE, SIR.

THE MANHUNTERS HOUND THE TRAIL..

THERE'S A  
GETAWAY  
CAR--EMPTY.

THE ROAD GOT  
TOO BAD TO  
DRIVE.







WHAT'S UP, MISTER?

SOMEONE STOLE THREE HORSES FROM MY FARM A SHORT WHILE AGO!

THEY CAN'T BE FAR OFF.



LOOK! UP AHEAD!

THE STOLEN HORSES! TAKE COVER! THE KILLERS ARE IN THE WOODS!



THERE'S SOMEONE COMING UP TO THE HORSES NOW!

RIGHT! QUIET TILL I GIVE THE SIGNAL!



MIKE KURULAK APPROACHES THE HORSES UNAWARE THAT HE IS BEING WATCHED.

WHOA, YOU CRITTER!



WH' MOUNTIES! DON'T SHOOT! I'LL GIVE UP.

KEEP YOUR HANDS UP!



YOU TAKE CHARGE OF HIM, HUTCHINSON AND I'LL LAY AN AMBUSH FOR THE OTHERS.

THEY'RE COMING NOW, NOVAKOWSKI.



HALT! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!



INSTEAD OF SURRENDERING  
THE BANDITS OPEN FIRE.

DROP THOSE  
GUNS! I'M  
AIMING TO  
KILL!



DON'T WASTE  
YOUR SHOTS,  
BILL, RUN  
FOR IT!

BUT  
THEY'VE  
GOT MY  
BROTHER  
MIKE!



WELL, WE GOT  
AWAY FROM THEM,  
KURULAK.

YEAH,  
MILLER,  
NOW WE  
OUGHT TO  
SEPARATE.



I HAVEN'T  
EATEN FOR TWO  
DAYS... MAYBE  
THAT FARMHOUSE...



WILLIAM KURULAK WANDERS  
AIMLESSLY BUT DESPERATE-  
HAUNTED BY FEAR OF CAPTURE.

I WOULD LIKE  
A PLACE TO  
SLEEP AND  
SOMETHING  
TO EAT.



THIS MAY  
BE ONE OF  
THE BANDITS!

GO TO THE BARN,  
I'LL GET YOU  
SOMETHING.

THIS IS JAMES  
ADAMS. I THINK I  
HAVE ONE OF THE  
BANDITS AT MY  
FARM!



GET UP  
YOU'RE  
UNDER  
ARREST!

I... I'M SO  
TIRED... I'M  
GLAD YOU  
GOT ME!



IT'S BETTER  
TO SPREAD OUT  
THE POSSE.  
WE'LL CONTINUE  
ALONG THE ROAD.

YEAH! WHAT'S  
THAT AHEAD?





BUT WILLIAM MILLER SPOTS  
THE MANHUNTERS.

JUST WHEN I  
GOT A LIFT, THEM  
MOUNTIES SHOW  
UP!



HE WON'T GET  
AWAY THIS TIME,  
HUTCHINSON!



YOU BLASTED  
COPPERS WILL  
NEVER TAKE  
ME ALIVE!



THE MANHUNTERS POUR  
A STREAM OF HOT LEAD  
AFTER MILLER...

BEHIND THAT  
HAMBLOCK!

RIGHT-O!  
I SEE HIM!



LOOK!  
NOVAKOWSKI!  
HE'S STOPPED  
FIRING!

GO EASY.  
IT MAY  
BE A  
TRICK!



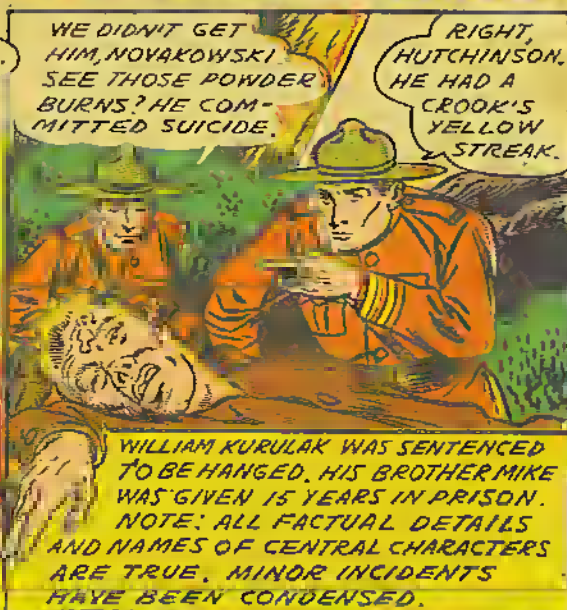
HE'S DEAD  
ALLRIGHT.  
GUESS WE  
GOT HIM

YEAH, BUT  
LOOK, HUTCHINSON..



WE DIDN'T GET  
HIM, NOVAKOWSKI.  
SEE THOSE POWDER  
BURNS? HE COM-  
MITTED SUICIDE.

RIGHT,  
HUTCHINSON.  
HE HAD A  
CROOK'S  
YELLOW  
STREAK.



WILLIAM KURULAK WAS SENTENCED  
TO BE HANGED. HIS BROTHER MIKE  
WAS GIVEN 15 YEARS IN PRISON.  
NOTE: ALL FACTUAL DETAILS  
AND NAMES OF CENTRAL CHARACTERS  
ARE TRUE. MINOR INCIDENTS  
HAVE BEEN CONDENSED.



# ODOR *of* GUILT

Mr. Smith shook his head in disgust as he faced his son, Victor. "I'll bet Yankee Boy doesn't waste his time fooling around the sort of a menagerie you keep," he stormed, "three turtles, a wood pussy, a one-eyed cat, four roosters and a lame dog! I understand now why you never have any of your allowance left each week. It must take it all to feed them."

Victor left the house quietly. He knew his father didn't mean to be cross. No doubt something had gone wrong at the office. He hurried to the barn and carefully fed his pets. He watched his dog and cat eating side by side with the skunk and laughed; "Some people don't know a skunk can be the finest pet in the world if it's treated kindly."

Carefully locking them up, he returned to the house. His father was in deep conversation with his mother. He couldn't help overhearing them. Some one in the office was opening his desk every night and copying the plans he was working on for the new diesel motor. He had reported his suspicions to his superior but had been laughed at. No one had a key to the room except Mr. Lewis, his boss, Jerry Mills, son of the owner, and himself. Still, he found his papers disarranged each morning.

"If those plans are ever stolen, the thief would be able to duplicate them in no time. I don't know what to do. My hands are tied," he fretted.

Victor left the room unnoticed. He crept upstairs and quickly donned his Yankee Boy uniform which he kept hidden under a loose board in his room. It was but the work of an instant for him to slide into his father's room, and in no time he was back with what he had gone after. He slid up the window in his room and silently let himself down the drain pipe.

A quick visit to the barn and then he was running rapidly through the streets toward the business center of town. Carefully, he eluded the guard at the building and using the key he had taken from his father's pocket, entered the office. No one

was there.

Silently, he closed the door and went to his father's desk. With another key, he opened the large drawer and gingerly placed a small object inside. Then he closed the drawer and locked it.

Yankee Boy returned home swiftly, slipped out of his uniform and joined his mother and father. He sat up a long time after his mother had gone to bed. When he started for the stairs, his father called him back. "Victor, I want you to get rid of that skunk. I don't want him around any longer," he snapped.

Victor nodded, "You won't see him around anymore, Dad."

The next day Victor rushed into his father's office. He stared at Mr. Lewis and then turned toward Jerry Mills. They both greeted him curtly.

Victor turned from his father and leaned over Jerry Mills' desk. "Get away from me," the young man ordered.

But Victor didn't move. Instead he leaned down and whispered, "If you don't turn those plans you've been copying back to the office and resign, I'm going to have you arrested."

Jerry's face flushed. "How do you know? I didn't do anything."

Victor shook his head. "You were here last night and had an interview with my skunk. I suppose you tried to wash off the smell but it just can't be done. Are you going to confess or do I have to turn you in?"

"I'll tell," Jerry whispered, "I didn't do anything with the plans. I was going to steal them but your pet made me think twice."

That night Victor's father was beaming. He told them at the dinner table that Jerry Mills had admitted copying the plans from his desk. Finally he turned to Victor, "I guess I was harsh on you last night, son. What happened to your pet skunk?"

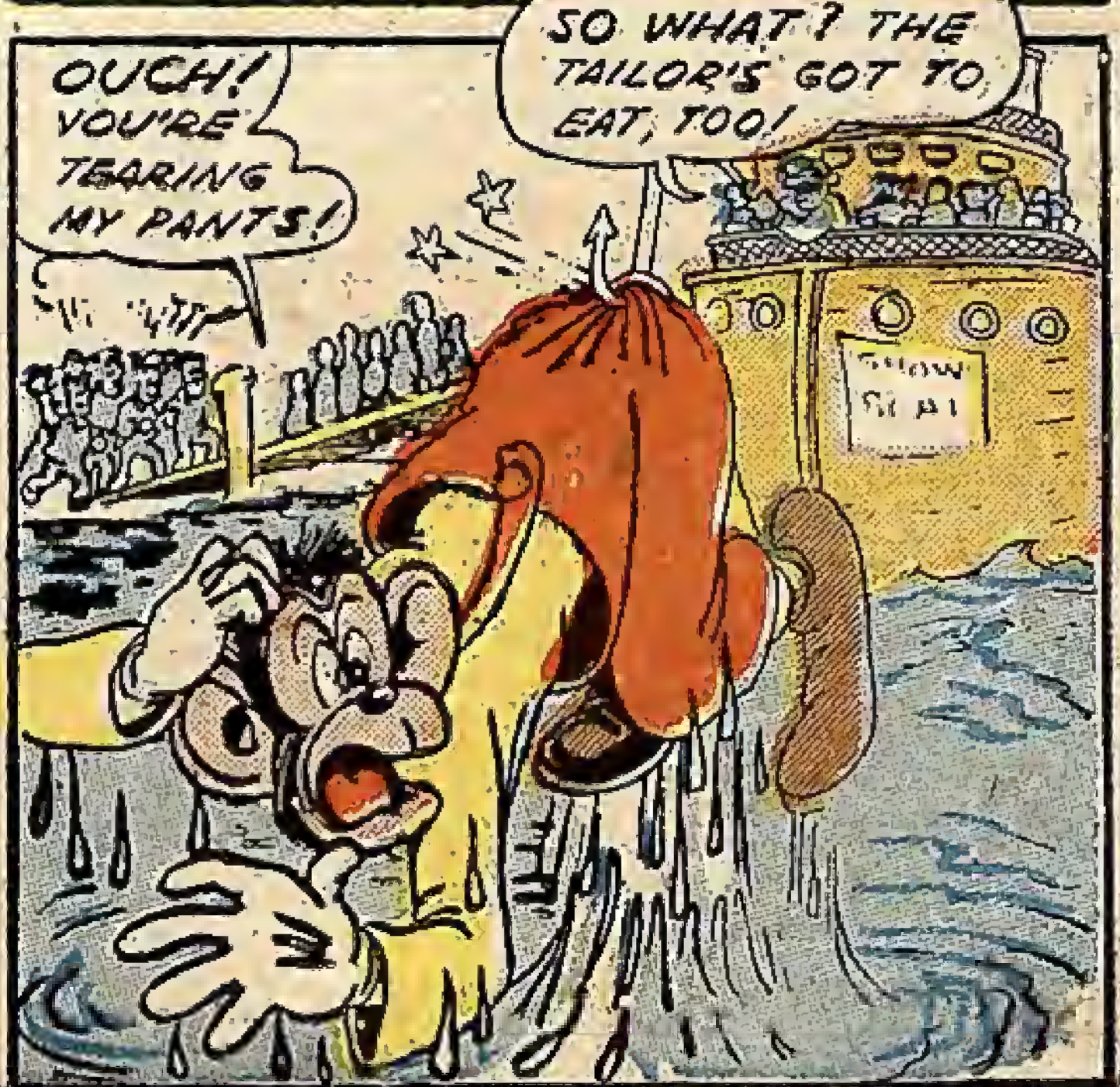
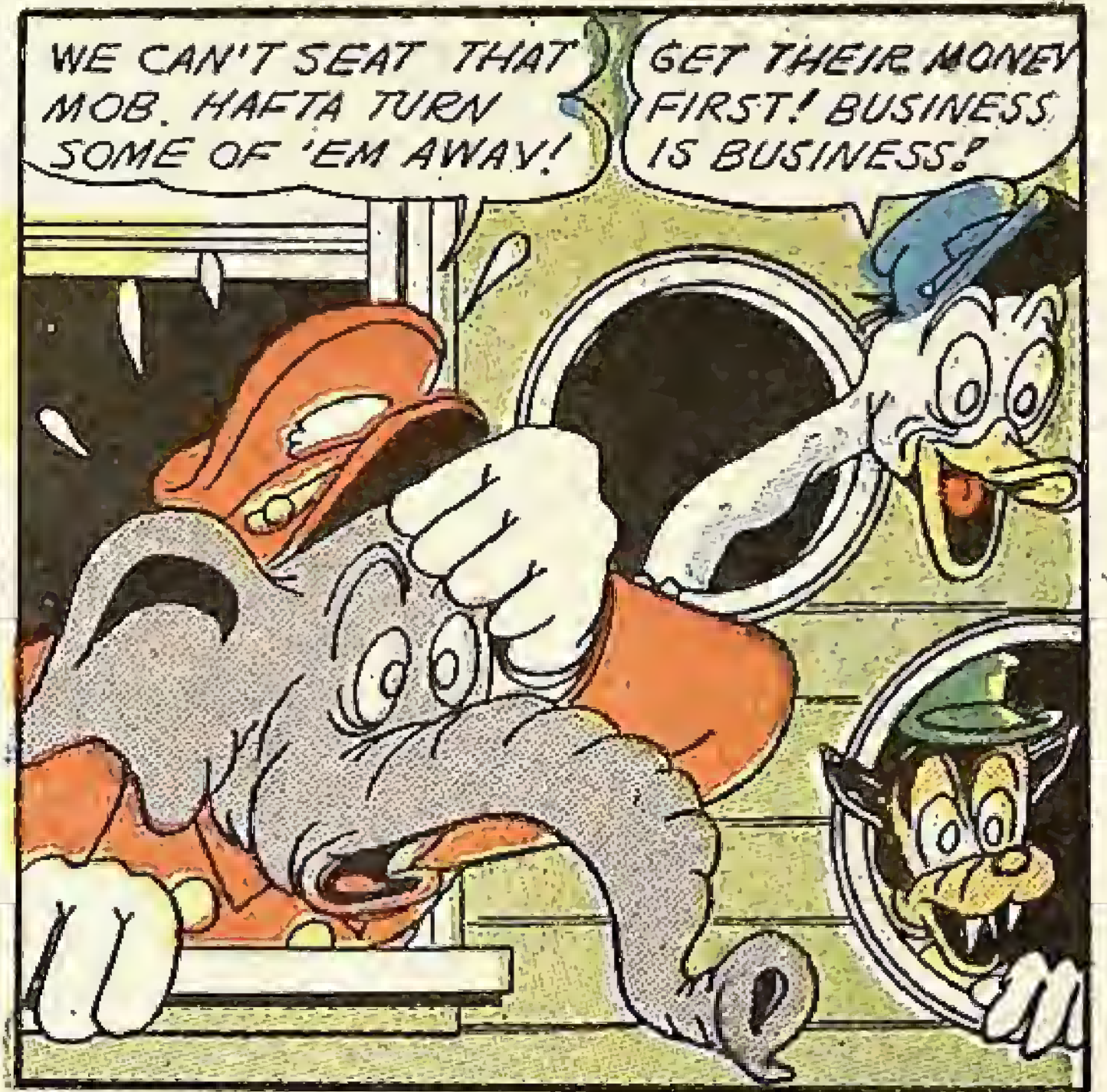
Victor chuckled. "Oh, Sweet William found his way home after he finished with Jerry Mills!"



# JUNGLETOWN SHOW BOAT



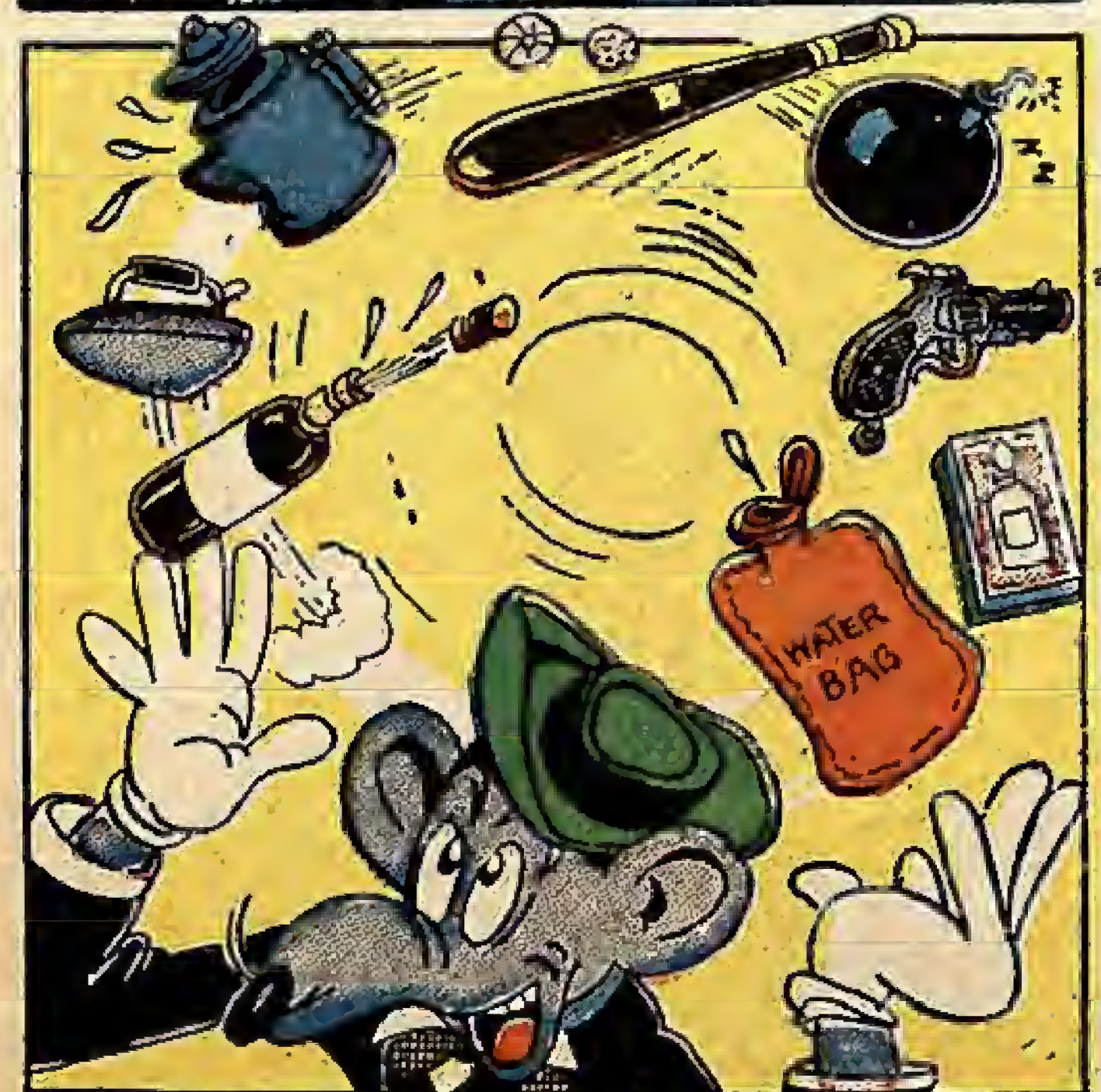
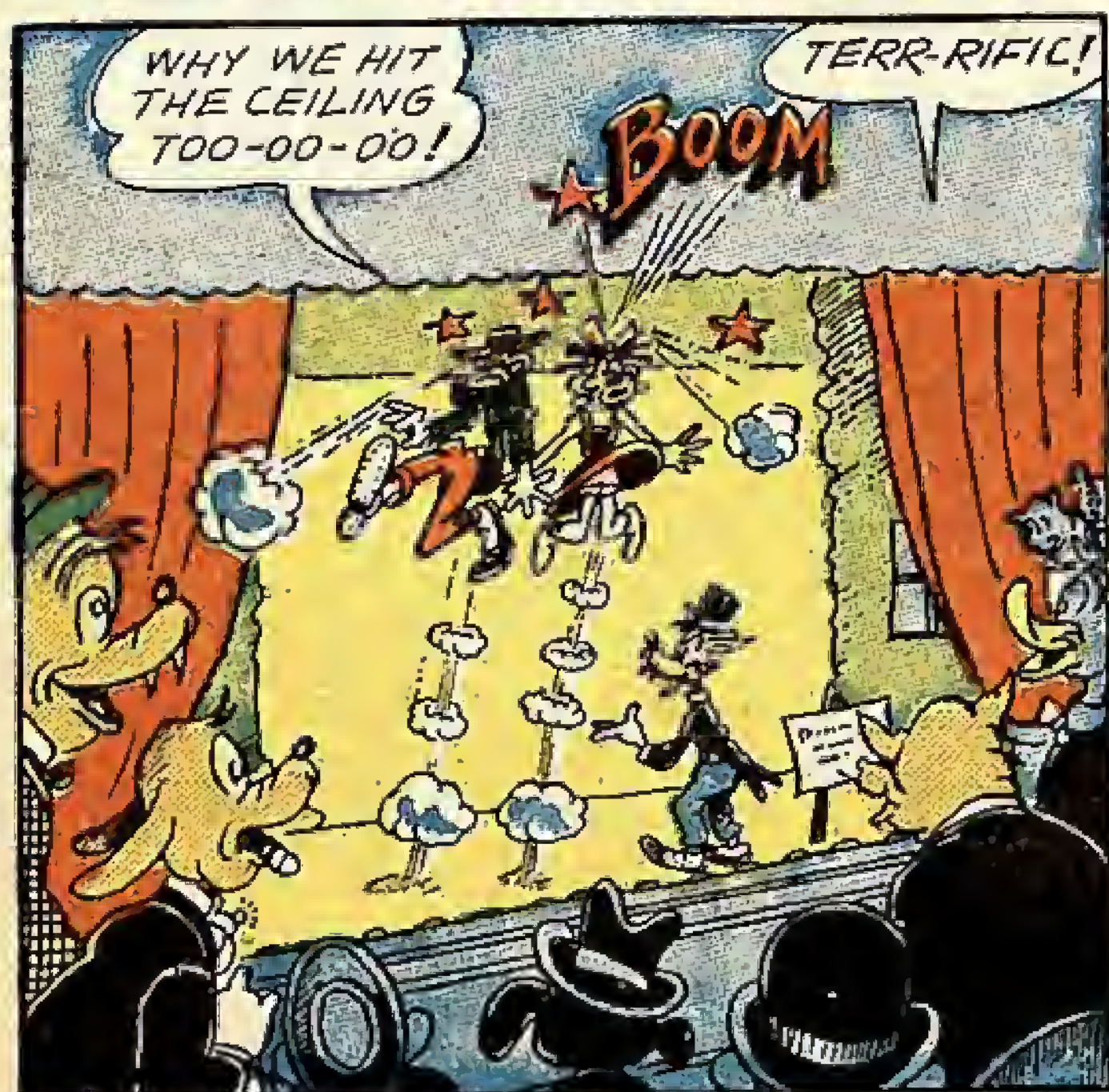




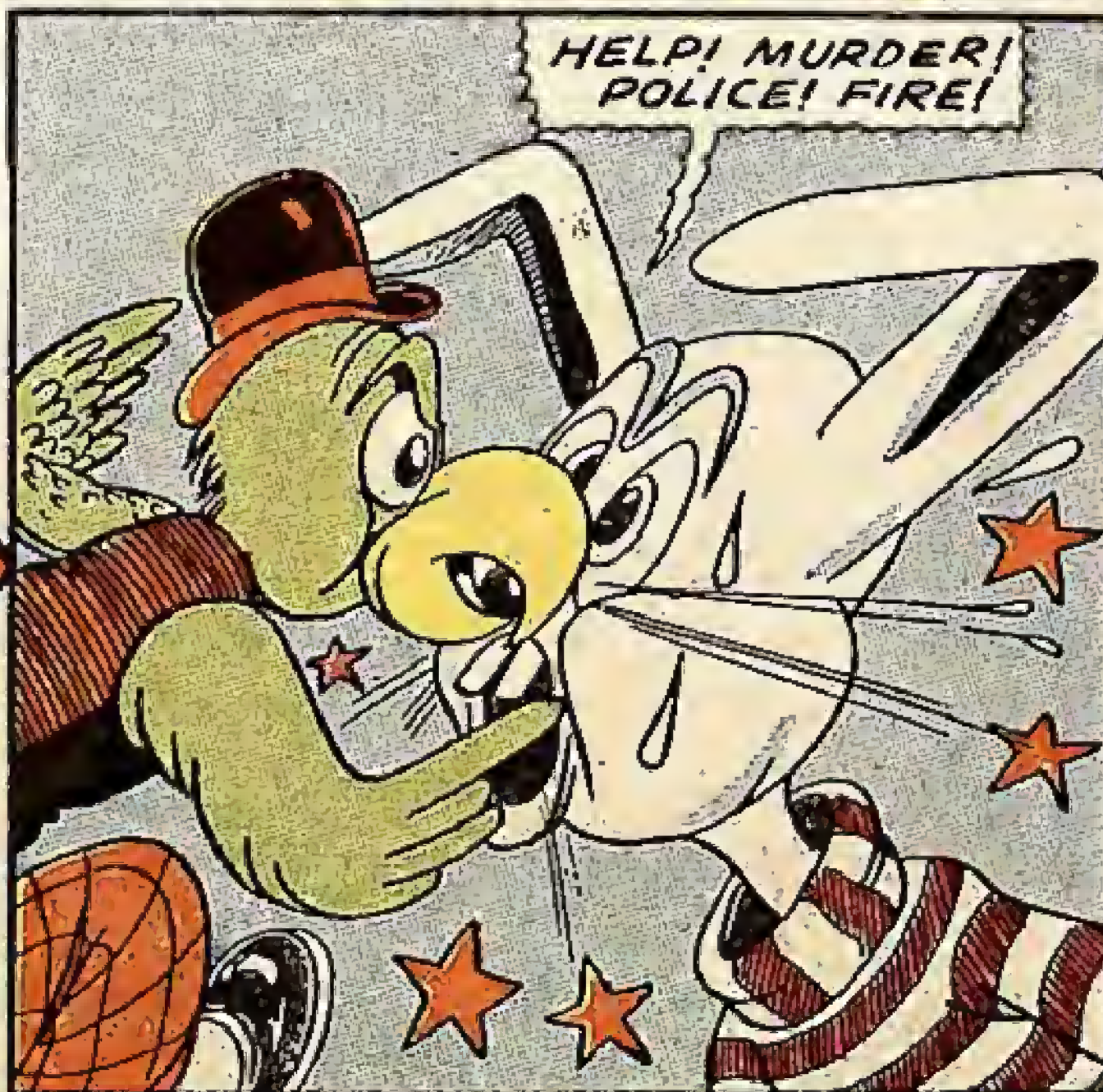




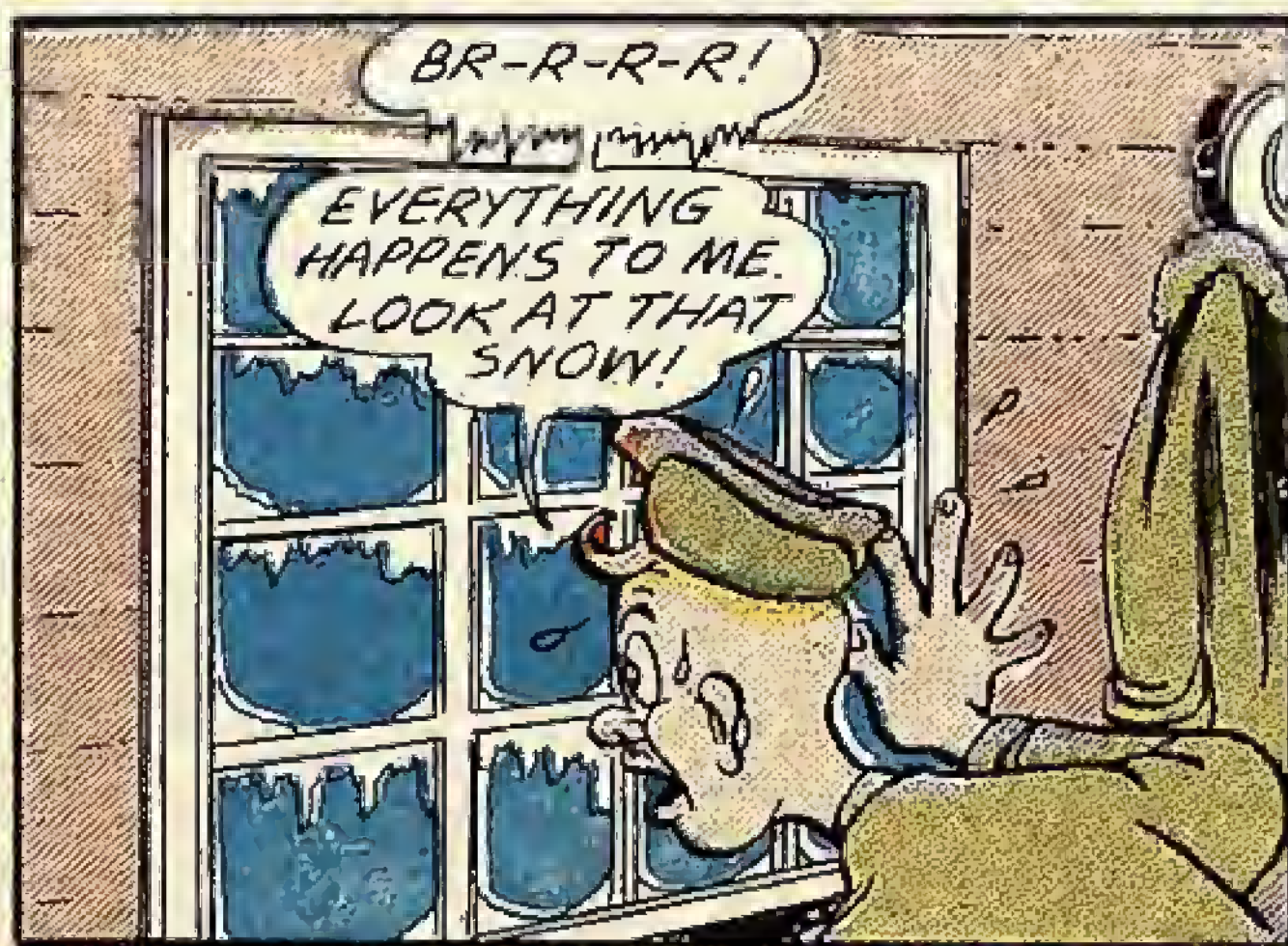
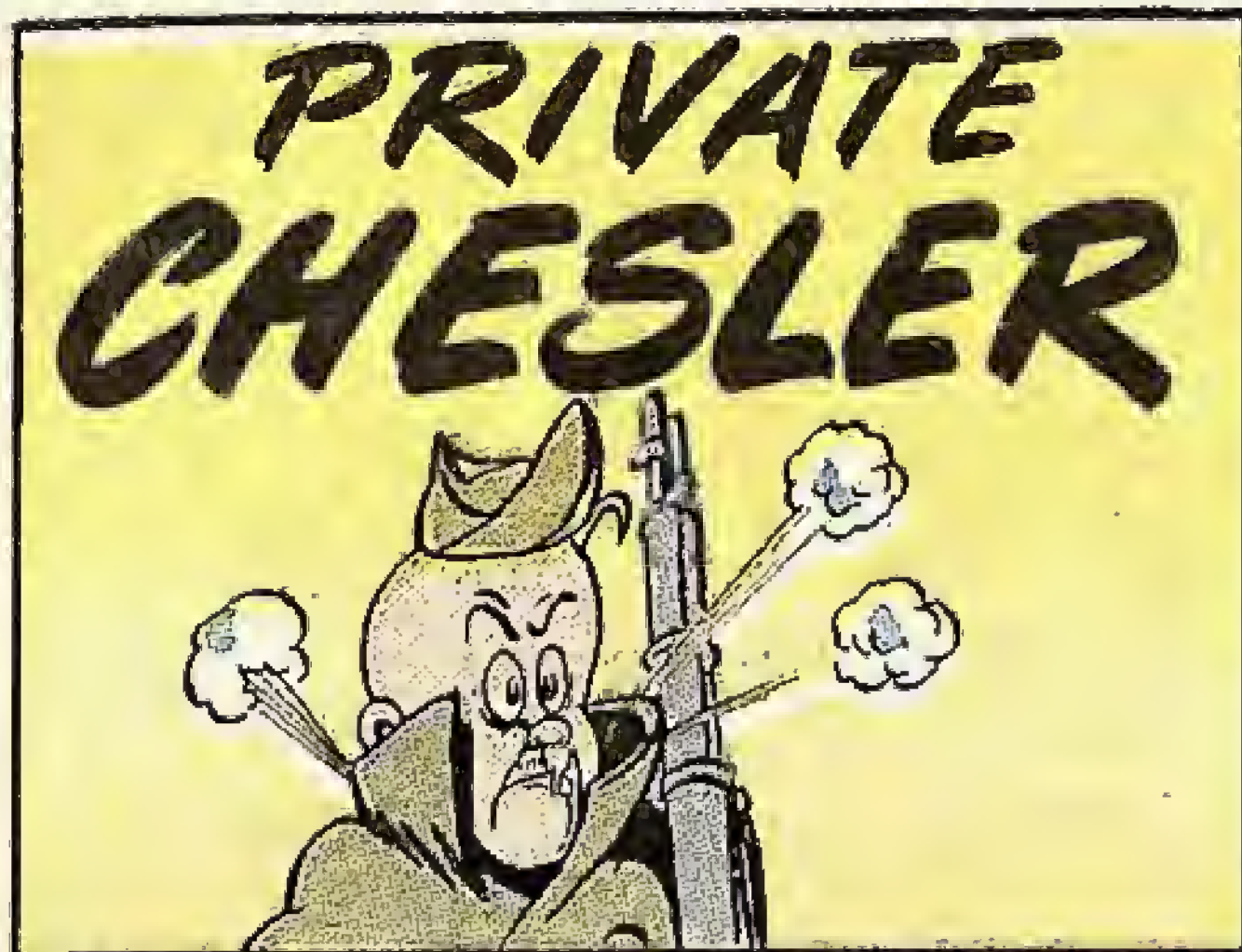














# REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST

WOULD I MARRY JIM IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE FILTHY BLACKHEADS OF HIS

I'LL ASK BOB TO TALK TO HIM RIGHT AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY VACUTEX FOR THOSE BLACKHEADS JIM? IT CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB. IT SOUNDS WORTH TRYING

JIM DARLING, HOW NICE AND CLEAN YOU LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK VACUTEX FOR THAT, HONEY!



## AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

**ONLY  
THREE  
EASY  
STEPS**

**UGLY  
BLACKHEADS**

**USE  
VACUTEX**



**THEY'RE  
OUT!**

**RUSH  
COUPON**

**Send No  
MONEY**

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## 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.

**BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 3601  
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.**

- ☐ Ship C.O.D., I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted!
- ☐ I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# What's My Job? - I Manufacture Weaklings into MEN!

*Charles Atlas*

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**G**IVE ME a skinny, peopless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll *feel* and *look* different! You'll begin to *LIVE*!



## Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN —IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

### What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

### One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

2,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3453, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

## FREE

Mail the coupon below right now for my FREE illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about "Dynamic Tension" methods. Crammed with pictures, facts! Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3453, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3453  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone No. \_\_\_\_\_  
(if any) State \_\_\_\_\_

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IN CASH APPROX.

in addition to your regular prize

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with Coupon TODAY

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**Just Looking  
HOLDING  
SIT —**

BOYS! Here's the  
Master set you've  
wanted. Big jaw-  
balled Cowboy Hol-  
sters, with a "Tote-  
type" detach leather belt. Lardal & Loriet  
ALL GIVEN for selling one order American  
Seeds.

### OFFICIAL SOFTBALL SET

Here's the Big  
3 piece outfit for it.  
An official softball and a regu-  
lation bat — also a Big League type  
cap to give you that real "baseball  
player" look. All for selling one order.

### CANDID-TYPE CAMERA

with copying tape. This fine  
camera takes 16 pictures on  
each roll of film — easy to  
operate. Sell one order  
plus \$2.00 extra.

**Purse and Compact Set**

**GIRLS!  
LADIES!**

Purple, Blue, Brown  
Red, Green, has double  
breasted, 3 compart-  
ments. Put the compact  
in only, is attached to the  
bag. Sell one order American Seeds.

**Send it with Music!**

dull glow,  
twelve-lined  
strings, detun-  
ed with Me-  
lancholic tone. In-  
struction sheet FREE.  
Sell one order.

**BASKETBALL  
SET**

Victory type basketball, with  
valve type bladder and steel  
frame basket with net. All for  
selling one order of American  
Seeds, plus \$50c extra.

### "SI CREY COMPARTMENT"

**WALLET**

100% leather, im-  
proved with  
YOUR name.  
For use as  
bag.

### "AMERICAN LADY" WALLET

Securely styled two  
folded, 7 compartment  
billfold.

**BEAUTIFULLY  
ILLUSTRATED  
BIBLE**

with your name in gold in the cover.  
Given for selling one order of Seeds.

**COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET**

Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for  
interesting experiments — and  
Magic Book at 50 Chemistry  
Exhibitions. Sell one order.

**"EVER READY"  
PEN &  
PENCIL  
SET**

A  
really  
good  
pen,  
"one  
puller's  
full." And  
pen-  
cil with  
your's  
supply  
of leads.  
Invaluable  
for  
selling one  
order  
at American  
Seeds.

### OTHER PRIZES FOR YOU

- as explained in our  
BIG PRIZE BOOK
- PHONOGRAPH
  - GUITAR
  - FISHING KIT
  - COASTER WAGON
  - SCHOOL BAG
  - RAIDER MACHINE GUN
  - BOXING GLOVES
  - JEWELRY
  - FASHION DOLL
  - KNAPSACK
  - CAMP STOVE

## GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 30c per large pack. Some of the biggest prizes require some money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds for Victory Gardens — they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash contribution on all seeds sold. GET BUDY — send coupon today for free prize book and seeds. **OUR 27TH YEAR**

SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU  
AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 2TB, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 2TB  
Lancaster, Pa.

Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40  
packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds.  
I will resell them at 10c each, send you  
the money promptly, and get my prize.  
My address is \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
E. J. D. Box  
no street No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_